

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,084

SEPTEMBER 6, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

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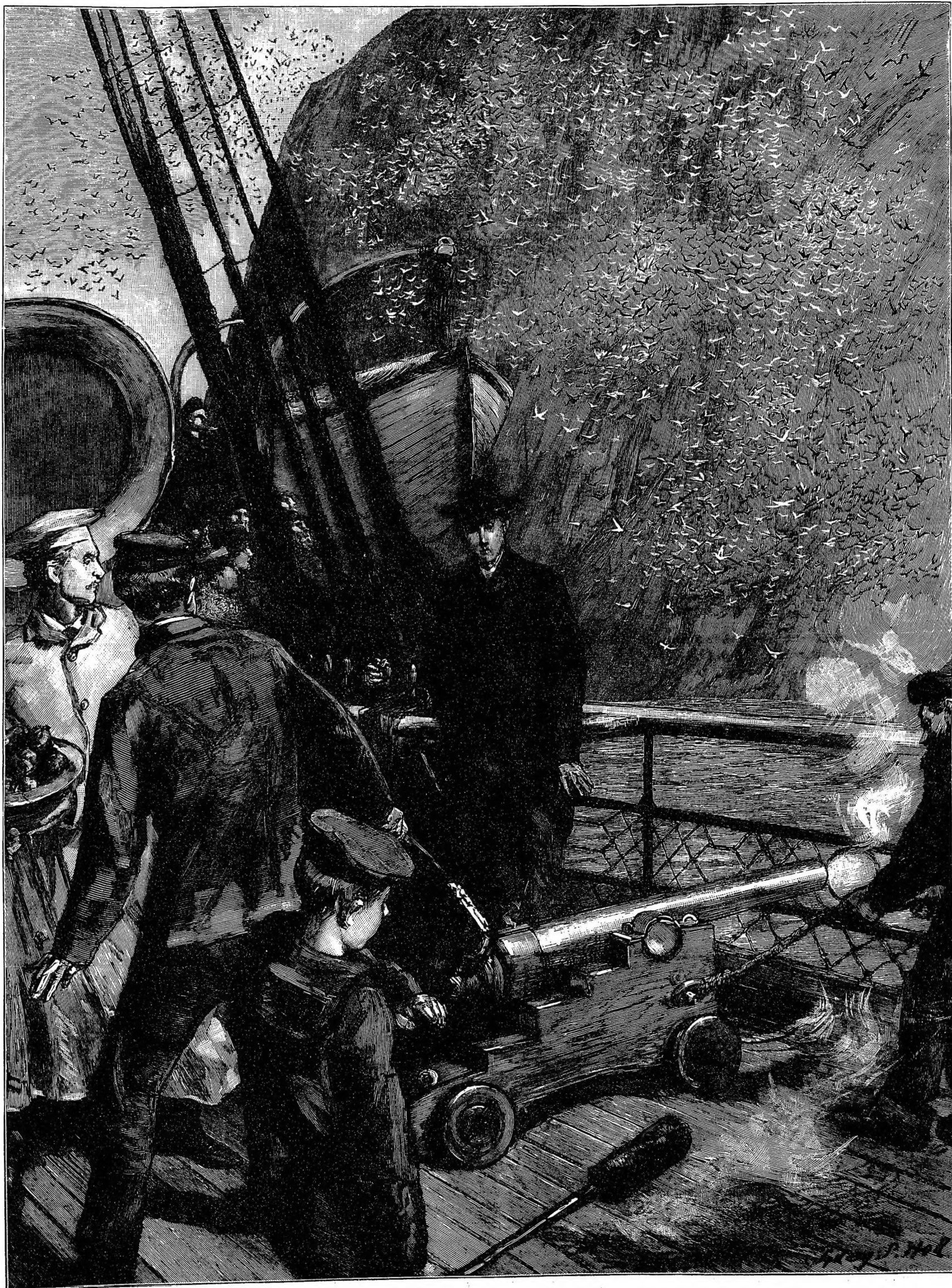
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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STARTLING THE NATIVES OF THE BASS ROCK
A TRIP TO NORWAY ON BOARD THE ORIENT LINE STEAMSHIP "GARONNE"

THE GRAPHIC



THE NEW TRADES UNIONISM.—The Trades Union Congress at Liverpool is likely to be remembered as one of the most important gatherings of the kind which have ever been held in England. It may fairly be said to mark an era in the history of English Trades Unionism. Since the last meeting of the Congress there have been many signs of awakening among the humbler classes of workmen. The success of the Dockers' Strike produced a strong impression upon them, and one result has been that a large number of new Unions have been formed. In some respects these Unions differ widely from those by which the contest between Capital and Labour has hitherto been carried on. They are led by men who have decidedly Socialistic sympathies, and their immediate aim seems to be to transform Trades Unions, so that they may become, as nearly as possible, reproductions of mediæval guilds. That is, each Union is to have so many members; and, when the prescribed number has been reached, all other workers are to be rigidly excluded. The outsiders, too, are to be discouraged, in every way that the law permits, from competing with the men who have been lucky enough to obtain admission within the charmed circle. If we ask what the outsiders are to do, the answer is that that is no affair of the Unions, but that they must try to find employers and to combine for the protection of their own interests, and that in the last resort, should their efforts be unsuccessful, Society will in some way have to provide for them. The proceedings of the Liverpool Congress show that this method has many ardent advocates, and there can be little doubt that in the immediate future a resolute attempt will be made to substitute it for the older and less despotic plan. That it will tend to raise wages for a while is probable enough, but we have yet to see whether it will not put upon Capital a severer strain than Capital is capable of bearing. We have also to learn how far it may recommend itself to those candidates for employment for whom no place can be found in the Unions to which they think they have a right to belong.

THE PORT OF LONDON.—It is hard to believe that those whose very living depends upon the number of ships frequenting the Thames are adopting the best possible means to drive them to other ports. To the philosophic Socialist this may seem of little consequence; it merely means to his lofty mind the transfer of so much work and pay from one community of workmen to another. But we question whether the London docker would regard the matter in quite that light were the Thames deserted by shipowners. Deserted it assuredly will be if they find that they can carry on their business more profitably elsewhere. Already some have been experimenting at Hamburg and elsewhere to test that vital question, and rumour credits them with being well pleased with the result. It is not merely that the London dock dues are very high; that was always a matter of complaint among shipowners. But it is asserted that, while these charges have increased, ships are detained very much longer when being either loaded or unloaded than used to be the case. Nor is this merely a loose statement; a whole army of facts and figures are cited in its support. Thus, while in 1889 cargoes were discharged at the rate of 44 tons an hour, in 1890 only 29 tons can be got over the side in that time; and so on. The mechanical assistance is the same, but the human labour has undergone apparently a most disastrous change. For a time this system of spinning out every job may answer the purpose of spreading the work over a large number of hands; which is no doubt, the object aimed at. But the dockers and their advisers should not count too confidently on the assumption that, since London is a great port, ships are bound to come there. We would recommend them to read that melancholy page of history in which it is written how the ship-building industry was driven away from the Thames to the Tyne and the Clyde by a similar misconception of economic laws.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS AND BLACKMAIL.—An ex-politician of the Gladstonian party has announced that it is now a well-understood thing that the payment of Members of Parliament is a plank in the platform of the new Radicals, and this he hints will lead to the reduction of the number of members, as the electorate will be unwilling to pay for more representatives than they actually need. But this reduction is very problematical, if we may judge from the wail of the member as he now is. It is plain that the average voter looks upon his representative in quite a different light to that which commends itself to the Radical doctrinaire. His tendency is to regard the gentleman whom he has enabled to place the magic letters M.P. after his name as a convenient milch cow to be drawn upon freely to supply local needs, and by no means as a person to be paid a salary. From nearly every constituency the cry of "Baksheesh" goes up all the year, and the fitness of members is calculated, not by their knowledge of Imperial questions, but by their readiness to head subscription lists. But the 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year which Members of Parliament are to be paid will go but a very little way towards filling up the bottomless pit of local wants. The next thing will

be that Jones, M.P., will send into the Treasury an account of the expenses incurred by him in engineering his constituency, with receipts and vouchers as per margin, and then we shall have reached the happy time when all the Clubs in Little Peddlington will be supported by the State, and every one will be prosperous except, of course, the taxpayer, who, after all, has done little to deserve the company with which he is always treated by the reconstructors of society.

SEDAN.—On Tuesday the Germans celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Battle of Sedan. Although a new generation has grown up since the battle was fought, there was no falling-off in the enthusiasm with which the event was commemorated. The Germans differ among themselves about many things, and opposing parties often give one another hard knocks; but, in rejoicing over the victory which led to the surrender of the French Emperor, they are practically unanimous. That was the victory in which the great war culminated, and the name "Sedan" is accordingly taken as a kind of symbol of the entire series of events by which the Unity of Germany was accomplished. It is creditable to the Germans that, while they recall with pride and pleasure their brilliant triumph, they are careful to refrain from the use of language that might tend to give unnecessary offence to France. They feel much less bitterly about the French to-day than they did before 1870, and would be cordially pleased if "the hereditary enemy" were willing to enter into an alliance with them. Is there any corresponding decay of hostile feeling in the minds of the French people? This question is usually answered decidedly in the negative, but, after all, there may be some doubt about the matter. The young men and women who were children twenty years ago can hardly have very vehement emotions regarding a disaster which they do not remember, or remember only indistinctly; and Time cannot have failed to soften the antagonism of the mass of the elder generation. The war of revenge, of which we used to hear so much, is now much less frequently mentioned, and the peasantry, we may be sure, have a far stronger dislike of the Anarchists than of the Germans. Upon the whole, there is some reason to hope that the French are beginning to think of Sedan as they learned long ago to think of Waterloo.

SEASIDE SAILING BOATS.—It might have been reasonably assumed, in presence of the numerous fatal boating accidents which have occurred off the coast during the last few weeks, that the gallant tar who so politely invites the world "to go for a sail" would be very careful not to overload his craft. It is, as a rule, an excellent boat in its way; roomy, staunch, strong, and smart. But the *Saucy Jane* must be loaded according to her capacity, and no further, if she is to show her good qualities. Overload her, and she cannot rise to the waves, which consequently wash into her, and down she goes. Or it may be that a bit of a puff gives her a heave-over which, under ordinary circumstances, would not be of the slightest consequence. But if her gunwale be only a few inches above the water, owing to the weight of her human cargo, a very slight list to leeward will bring about an upset. There is not an ancient mariner on the coast but knows all this, and fully recognises the danger of overloading, even on calm days. But the spirit of greed tempts many of them to run the risk, as in the cases of the three Ramsgate boatmen, who have just been punished for that offence. One went to sea with thirty-five passengers beyond the number his boat was licensed to carry; the second had to plead guilty to an overplus of forty-five; the third could not deny that fifty-four "extras" were aboard his craft. In each of these instances, it is beyond denial that had squally weather set in when the overcrowded "yachts" were some miles from the shore, they would have stood a very good chance of sinking with all hands. Since, then, fines are of little or no effect in suppressing the practice, it behoves the authorities at seaside resorts to institute some really deterrent punishment. Perhaps permanent deprivation of licence might be of some use.

CIGARETTE SMOKING.—The new tyranny is getting more despotic every year in America. The Maine Liquor Laws were an interference with the liberty of the subject which no autocratic monarch would have dared to enforce for fear of a revolution, and now the New York Legislature has passed a law forbidding boys under sixteen to smoke in public after the first of the present month. It is true that cigarette smoking can hardly be considered smoking at all, for no true lover of tobacco would swallow so much paper smoke to obtain so little of the "precious stinke," and that awful stories are told in America of the method of making cigarettes. It is said that the cheap cigarette is made of hay and refuse chopped fine, and soaked in the nicotine extracted from cigar stubs picked up in the street, and that all sorts of diseases of the throat, and some of the heart, are the direct result of indulging in its use. There is but one kind of tobacco that renders a cigarette tolerable, and that is the very best Turkish, which unfortunately is rarely to be met with in England; and the only time when a cigarette is permissible is when there is not time to smoke a cigar or a pipe; though a few whiffs, in Russian fashion, between the courses of a long dinner, are by no means to be despised. But for all that the matter of cigarette smoking by boys is

purely a question for parents and guardians, and one which is quite outside the province of the State. If a man chooses to allow his son to smoke even such feeble things as cigarettes, no one has any right to object, provided, as Leech's old gentleman would put it, that it does not make the boy inconveniently sick.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—This week the British Association has been holding its sixtieth annual meeting at Leeds. The proceedings began on Wednesday evening with the President's Address, and will go on until Wednesday, the 10th. The Association has received from the people of Leeds a most cordial welcome, and the members and associates evidently feel that they are having a thoroughly good time. A body which has been in existence for sixty years, and still possesses so much vitality, must correspond to a real want; and there can be little doubt that it may still look forward to a long and prosperous future. Like most other comparatively old Associations, however, it stands in need of a good deal of reform, and the younger men, on whom the burden of the ordinary work necessarily falls, are anxious that no time should be lost in adapting the procedure to the circumstances of the present day. The chief defect of the existing arrangements seems to be that far too many papers are read in the various sections. An immense number of people wish to instruct the British Association, and the authorities are too good-natured to curb their ambition very strictly. The result is that much dreary stuff is included in each year's programme, and those who attend the meetings regularly have to waste many an hour that might, with a better system, be spent profitably and pleasantly. Men of science go to the British Association mainly for the purpose of obtaining the stimulus that comes from direct personal intercourse with the investigators, and they have no desire to be troubled with minutely-detailed information about matters which they already understand in principle. The papers should be carefully selected, and ample time ought to be left for the discussion of points of especial interest. This change might cause annoyance to some aspiring philosophers, but it would add greatly to the interest of the meetings, and make the work of the Association even more important than it has hitherto been as a factor in scientific progress.

SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES.—The chairman of a certain great and prosperous railway facetiously remarked the other day that he was in some doubt as to whether he and his co-directors had not made the third-class carriages rather too comfortable. It would require a very courageous railway king to make that boast about the accommodation provided for those who travel second-class; even as a joke it would be too grim to raise a laugh. Why should the second-class passenger be dealt with as an inconvenient intruder? On not a few lines, the cardinal object of the management seems to be to drive him into the third-class. And the effort succeeds, too, in many cases. Sooner or later the victim makes discovery that he really derives next to no advantage from his larger outlay. The seats in the second-class may be, perhaps, a trifle less hard and less uncomfortable than those in the third-class. But that matters little or nothing; it is elbow-room that railway passengers of all sorts covet, and the second-class traveller is not one bit better off in that respect than the third class. A correspondent of the *Standard* makes the sensible suggestion that even as first-class compartments carry fewer passengers than the inferior grades, so second-class should be allowed more space than third-class. Will any enterprising line try the experiment? We make little doubt about its success, provided that the standing practice of regarding second-class compartments as overflow receptacles for hilarious excursionists were abandoned. John Bull loves to travel at his ease, and he does not mind paying in moderation for the pleasure. But when it comes home to him that he is just as likely to be oppressed by mothers' meetings or Antient Buffaloes in the second-class as in the third, he naturally declines to pay extra for imaginary comfort.

THE NAUGHTY BOY.—Any one who glances, however carelessly, down the columns of Police-Court intelligence, must be struck with the epidemic of naughty-boyism from which certain classes in London are now suffering. It is not a question of young ruffians of sixteen or eighteen who make night hideous with their howling, and who link arms to drive women into the gutter, but of children of tender years, who are pronounced incorrigible, and entirely beyond the control of their parents and guardians. There was a case of a boy of four-and-a-half, who set his mother at defiance, and another of five-and-a-half, who made his grandmother's life a burden, to quote only two out of many cases, and both the good dames appealed to bewildered magistrates for aid. No one can feel any sympathy for them, for both parents and magistrates have brought this nuisance upon themselves by their flabby-mindedness, and by their invertebrate attitude towards the small boy and all his works. Magistrate's law is print to little Tommy Gutter-snipe nowadays, and if after a long day of idleness, insolence, and disobedience the much-enduring Board schoolmaster ventures to threaten him with a few raps of a cane, he promptly retaliates by threatening the

unhappy man with the "beak," or, what is frequently worse, with his mother. And, as the master has no desire to have his career in life ruined, he surrenders at discretion. Nor dare his parents correct him, for they are liable to be sent to prison should a bruise the size of a threepenny-piece be discovered anywhere on Tommy's sacred skin. There is no need to return to the indiscriminate brutality of two or three generations back, but the spectacle of a small child placed in the dock of a police-court as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond is a sight to make the angels weep.

FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.—In the age before the Revolution, France had a number of ancient and famous Universities, which were organised in the main like those that still exist in most other European countries. The Revolution brought with it a craze for Uniformity, so the old Universities were abolished, and their place was taken up by Faculties, each of which was affiliated to the University of France. This plan has been tried thoroughly, and has not been found to work well. An institution devoted exclusively to the study of law, or science, or literature, inevitably becomes rather narrow. The professors are not brought directly under the influence of forms of intellectual life different from their own, and are apt to forget that there may be studies quite as important as those in which they happen to be personally interested. Moreover, being controlled by the Ministry of Public Instruction, the various Faculties have no power to adapt their methods to constantly-varying needs. The subject has attracted much attention lately in France, and during the next Session of the Chambers a serious effort is to be made by the Government to establish a better system. Universities of the old type are, if possible, to be revived, and care will be taken to secure that they shall have sufficient independence to enable each of them to develop aims and methods of its own. The French Government is to be congratulated on its decision with regard to this question, which is one of high importance for the intellectual progress of the nation. Well-organised Universities would give a powerful stimulus of the best kind to all that is most fruitful in the educational system of France.

SKY SIGNS.—It was an evil hour for the world when an enterprising blacking manufacturer contrived to have the name of his firm emblazoned on the Great Pyramid. This achievement was recorded in every newspaper throughout the world, and he thus secured greater notoriety than if he had spent a "plum" in ordinary advertisements. We are always inclined to attribute to that unhappy success the outrageous developments subsequently given to the sublime art of puffery. But even the boldest hesitated until quite recently to use the firmament as a background for their vulgarities. Flaming posters and glaring shop-fronts are bad enough, nor is it a small sin to bribe dilapidated human beings to perambulate the streets clad in grotesque attire and lies. But the "sky sign" is the most hateful infliction of all, depriving as it does the disgusted wayfarer of the very last rest for his wearied eyes. Londoners have been wont to find fault with the opaque atmosphere in which they live, and to groan in spirit under the tyranny of Cimmerian fogs. Had they only known what the advertising fiend kept in store for them, they would have welcomed these obstructing visitations as friends in disguise. But can nothing be done by five millions of people to crush this new horror? There would be little profit in assailing it on æsthetic grounds; the law has deaf ears to arguments of that sort. But if it could be shown that the abomination constitutes a public danger in the event of a fire breaking out beneath, or a tempest coming that way, perhaps some benevolent judge might stretch a point. If not, there will be nothing for it but to call in the assistance of "ancient lights." The law of the land will not suffer any citizen to be deprived by a neighbour of whatever amount of light he has been wont to receive, and as a spider's web of sky signs stretching over London would do that in some measure, we hope that redress may be attainable without the use of dynamite or salvoes of artillery.

PATENT MEDICINES.—When the free-born Briton has "a pain here," the proverbial three courses are open to him as to the rest of the world. He may either buy the patent medicine which for the time being he swears by, or he may ask a chemist for a compound, or he may send for the doctor. The chances are that he will choose the first of these alternatives, and purchase the remedy which has forced itself upon his notice on every hoarding and in every newspaper for months past. The patent medicine stamp, strange as it may appear, undoubtedly leads many people to fancy that the draught or the pill is guaranteed by the Government, and that, therefore, it embodies the collective wisdom of our legislators. So great has the consumption of these faith-healing remedies become, that the British Pharmaceutical Conference, in solemn conclave assembled, has sent forth a bitter cry on the subject. It is computed that nearly 220,000 will be paid this year in patent medicine stamps, and that the amount spent by the public in patent medicines will probably be not far short of one and a half million sterling. In Germany, where the State is the grandfather and grandmother of its people, no patent medicine may be sold unless

its composition has been submitted to authority, and permission obtained for the sale. In view of the enormous proportions of the trade in England, some such modified regulation might well be introduced here, and this would go far to justify the at present unfounded confidence placed by the public in the patent medicine stamp. And it would only be fair, for both the chemist and the medical man have to pass a fairly stiff examination before they can practise, whereas the patent medicine vendor only needs a well-developed genius for advertisement, and a Government stamp, to make every man, woman, and child in the kingdom contribute something like tenpence a year all round to his support.

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FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY and FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, see page 273.

FOR PARTICULARS OF YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM, and THE SAVOY GALLERY, see page 274.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART. — MONDAY, September 8, MARJORIE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. — Monday, September 8, and during the week, at Seven, LONDON DAY BY DAY. Misses Oliph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—Concluding with DREADFUL DEEDS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
JUBILEE PERFORMANCE
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1890.
COMPLETION OF
QUARTER OF A CENTURY
IN ONE CONTINUOUS SEASON.
Places can now be booked at
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STARTLING THE NATIVES OF THE BASS ROCK

MANY there are at this season of the year on pleasure bent, and some choose a pleasure-trip on a steamship of the Orient Line to Norway—the *Garonne* or the *Chimborazo*—and those who do, start from Tilbury Fort and steam up to Leith to pick up the passengers who naturally, or by preference, sail from that point.

We must have passed the Bass Rock at night, for we arrived at Leith very early in the morning; and our captain, wishing us not to lose the extraordinary sight it presents covered with its clouds of sea-fowl, on leaving Leith steered out of his due course for Norway, and rounded the Rock, going very close in, and firing a signal-gun alongside to startle the birds.

As always happens, when one ought to be on deck one is below, and the most interesting object is always passed when one is asleep in one's bunk, or at a meal in the saloon. We were at luncheon when we neared the Bass Rock, but this time the captain gave us timely warning that something was about to happen. We ran on deck, and there was the Bass Rock covered evidently with masses of sea-fowl, all at rest at present. But something was in preparation to rouse them. There was a crowd round one of the signal-guns, and on looking over the heads of the crowd you found that the gun had its cover off. The deck of the *Garonne* was certainly not cleared for action, though things looked warlike. The boatswain and the quartermaster and one or two officers were busy round the gun, and a boy held the ramrod.

When right alongside, some one gave the word. I do not know who fired, but I do know that the gun was fired with a red-hot poker borrowed from the cook's galley. The crowd retired to let the red-hot poker pass, and to give the gallant officer elbow room to apply it. Nor were some of us without nervous apprehensions lest the gun should burst. It didn't, though great was the sound thereof; and in an instant the Rock was alive with birds in motion, the sky was clouded, and the air sighed with the whirling of wings.

The Rock in itself is uninteresting—its sides are precipitous, its top rounded—the birds are all, or most of them, gannets or solar geese, and we read of them in Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" (a fact accounted for by their familiarity with sea and sailors) that their cry is "grog," "grog."

THE REVOLUTION IN BUENOS AYRES

ALTHOUGH the Argentine Government, with the foolishness of the ostrich, think that the story of the Revolution may be kept from European knowledge by the simple expedient of burning all newspapers which are sent out of the country, pretty full reports are now coming to hand by private letters. From them a fairly clear idea of the condition of things in Buenos Ayres from the 26th to the 30th of July may be gathered. It is evident that the fighting was a good deal more serious than was at first supposed. A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* gives a thrilling account of what he and other Europeans heard and saw from their hotel. Throughout the five days there was much fighting in the streets between the men of the "Union Civica" (the political club which was the centre of the revolution) and the raw levies which President Celman had brought up from the provinces to support his tottering administration. The police constantly fired volleys down the streets, regardless of whether the crowds were composed of innocent foot passengers or of revolutionary insurgents; and the latter kept up a constant fire from the housetops upon all who passed below. Still, by remaining indoors, it was possible to feel fairly safe. Not so, however, when the bombardment began. The insurgents had obtained command of several gunboats, and with these, on July 27th, they began to shell the Government House and the Retiro Barracks, in which the President was believed to have taken refuge. Unfortunately, they were not very good marksmen, and consequently many of their shots and shells fell into private houses and hotels. Indeed, the occupants of one hotel were just on the point of taking up their abode in the strong-room of a bank as the only place of safety, when the firing ceased, the rebels having laid down their arms. Even then danger was by no means over. There was much indiscriminate "potting," and much damage and loss of life were still caused by numbers of armed men who went about robbing and shooting unchecked. The streets presented a striking spectacle. Hundreds of men were lying about dead or dying, and the gutters and tramcar-rails ran with blood. In the Plazas, or squares, the scene was particularly ruinous, for most of them had been occupied by soldiers. Thus of the Plaza del Parque a correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"Every street leading to the Plaza has been torn up, and the paving-stones and earth used for earthworks, with just spaces to allow of cannon. But the barricades are of varied formation: some are of hay, some of bales of hay; overturned trams, cabs, and dead horses have also been used. In places blood lies in pools." Argentina is a wealthy country, and Buenos Ayres a rich town; but it can hardly be that the prosperity of both will not have been set back some years, if not by the revolution, at any rate by the bombardment which accompanied it.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Whitcomb, photographer, Calle Florida, Buenos Ayres.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

"OUT TORPEDO BOAT."—One of the most interesting operations to be seen on a modern man-of-war is the launching while under way of the small torpedo boat, one or more of which form an indispensable portion of the equipment of every first-class iron-clad. It is a ticklish business getting her clear over the side of the ship, and the officer, who is signalling by means of flags to the man in charge of the crane, has to keep his weather-eye open to prevent mishap, especially if the ship is steaming fast at the time.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., H.M.S. *Anson*.

"THE LIFEBOAT'S CREW ON WATCH."—When at sea, on board a man-of-war, the crew of the lifeboat are kept on watch, fully equipped in their oilies and cork-jackets, ready for any accident that may call for their services. In the *Conqueror* they used to muster by the galley, some lying on the deck, others reading the paper, and another industrious Jack knitting himself a pair of socks. A funny misadventure occurred to one of the lifeboat's crew on the *Conqueror*. The weather was bad and the sea rough, and the lifeboat's crew were piped away to fetch a mail that had just arrived on board the flagship *Hercules*. Poor Jack had tied his cork-belt on in the boat, and had tied the strings, unwittingly, round one of the lifelines, with the result that, when the boat was lowered, Jack was left suspended, a sort of "Golden Fleece" in mid-air. The boat had to be hoisted to his feet again, when he was released.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. C. J. Staniland, R.I.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOMBURG

MOST people are not sorry when the London season comes to an end. But it is fair to suppose that none feels so much relief at the cessation of the daily round of gaiety and engagements as the Heir Apparent, for none works harder than he does. This year his Royal Highness has gone to take the "cure" at Homburg. He arrived on the 15th of last month, and since then has been steadily drinking the waters, and taking the walks and drives which the Homburg "faculty" prescribes, his greatest diversions being an occasional dinner-party at the Villa Imperiale, where he stayed, or such mild excitement as the tir of the Homburg Shooting Society. One of our illustrations shows the Prince taking his daily draught at the Kaiser Bruanen; and another, one of the nymphs of the spring, who is certainly not so fascinating as Undine or the Lorelei. No longer so fascinating, either, as once was the case, is the Casino, shown in a third engraving; but the prohibition of gambling, though it has rendered life at Homburg much less exciting, has greatly increased its beneficial effects, and the patient can now feel that his loss of adipose tissue is not accompanied by a still greater shrinking of the balance at his bankers, as once was not uncommon. The old fortifications, shown in another illustration, are part of the line of defence erected by the Romans to keep out the German invaders. They are said to have been built by Germanicus.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A New serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 257.

HEREWARD THE WAKE

See pp. 260 et seqq.

CHANGING GUARD

AMONG the many everyday sights of London life, few are more popular, although few more common, than the ceremony of relieving guard as carried out every morning at St. James's Palace. No doubt the band that discourses sweet music while the function is going forward has some considerable share in the attraction; but the handsome uniforms of the Guards, the heavy bearskins, and the automaton-like precision of movement of the officers and men of this *corps d'élite* are all keenly appreciated by the intelligent Londoner.

There is also a certain amount of mystery in the proceeding that cannot fail to attract the civilian, and the solemnity of the whole ceremony, the regularity of the various movements, and the apparently objectless manœuvres which take place, no doubt exercise a certain fascination over the non-military mind.

The new guard on marching up is received by the old one—"turned out" for the purpose—and after the customary salutes, both parties "stand at ease," facing one another, while the non-commis-

THE GRAPHIC

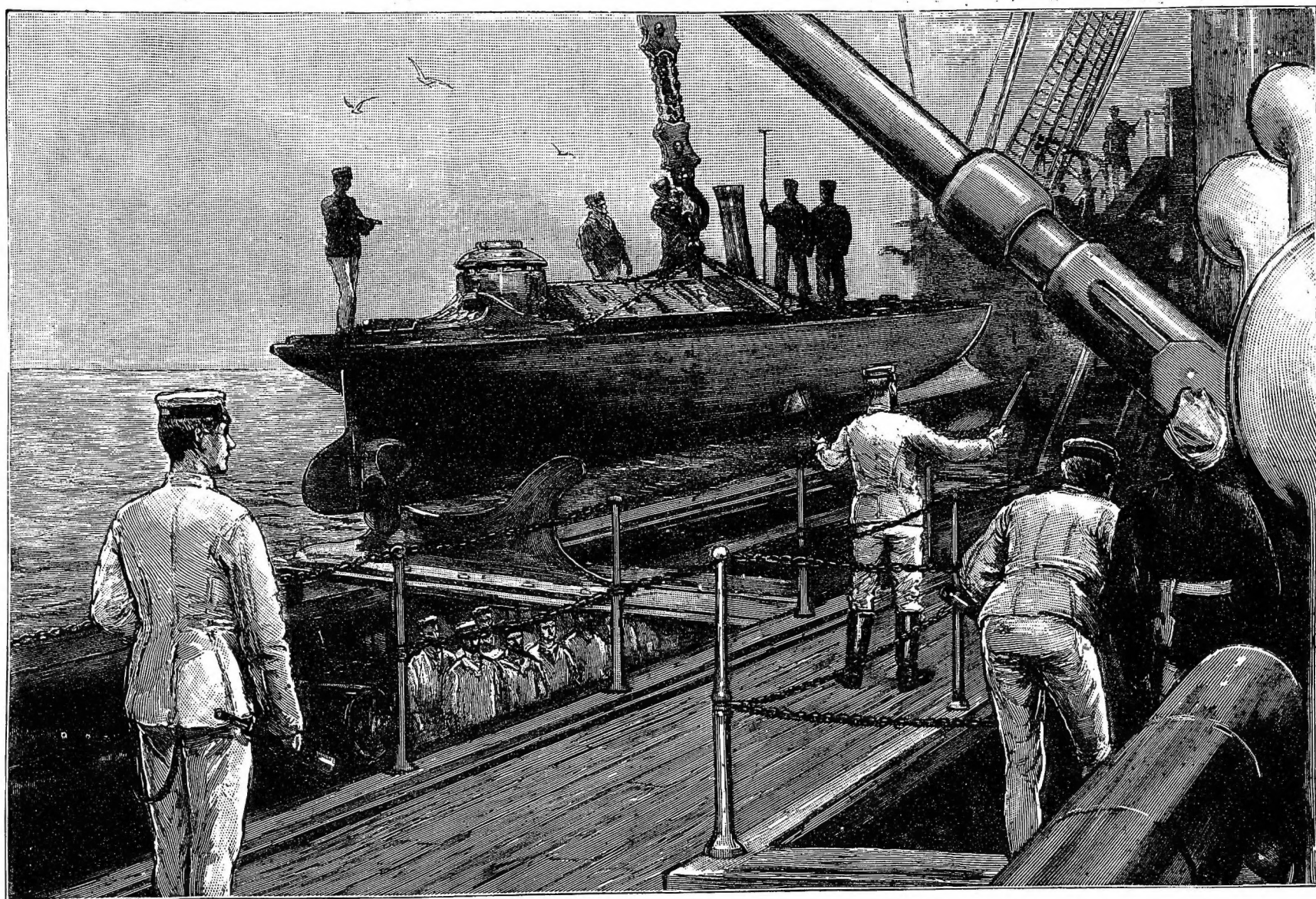
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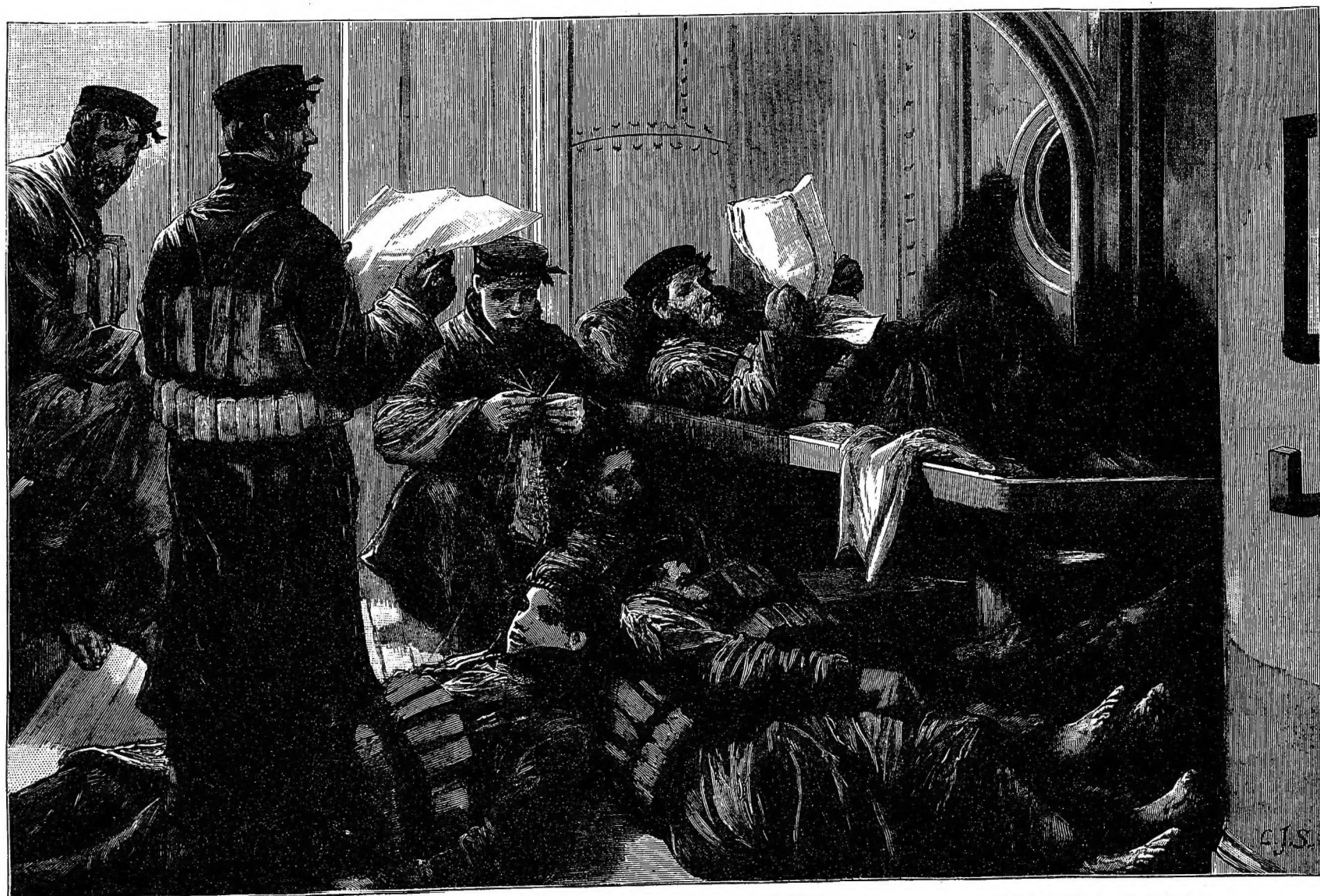
THE FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE ARSENAL AND BARRACKS, PLAZA LAVALLE, THE FIRST BUILDINGS SEIZED BY THE INSURGENTS



THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS RESTING AT PLAZA LIBERTAD, ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM PLAZA LAVALLE, AFTER THEIR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE INSURGENTS
SCENES AT BUENOS AYRES DURING THE REVOLUTION IN ARGENTINA.



"OUT TORPEDO BOAT" WHILST UNDER WAY



THE LIFEBOAT CREW ON NIGHT WATCH

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES
FROM SKETCHES ON BOARD AN IRONCLAD BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE GRAPHIC

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sioned officers relieve the sentries of the old guard, replacing them by some of the new men. The guard-room and its appurtenances are then taken over by the incoming guard, and, everything having been completed, both guards are called to attention, and the old men marches off to its barracks, being saluted with a "present arms" by the new guard as a final compliment. The band departs, and the spectators disperse, making their comments on the way the parade has been performed.

VISITORS TO THE GOLDEN GALLERY, ST. PAUL'S

FROM the Golden Gallery, which runs round the top of the dome, it is said that the finest possible view of London is obtainable. Let us hope that the fair Americans who are being shown over the Cathedral have been fortunate in their day, and that there is not too much smoke to let them see. They could hardly complain, however, even if they could not see, for, curiously enough, it was the fault of some visitors from the States (of a very different kind, we admit) that for a considerable time the Golden Gallery was closed to visitors, who were only allowed as far as the Stone Gallery, whence the view is not nearly so fine. These visitors, it need hardly be said, were the dynamiters, who, by means of the extra precautions necessitated by their dastardly attempts, caused far more annoyance to Londoners than they did by the attempts themselves.

"THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE"

THIS picture belongs to Mr. Henry Tate, of Park Hill, Streatham Common, whose munificent offer to the nation of a number of modern pictures from his priceless collection is fresh in men's minds. The copyright is in the possession of Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan. It is a very good example of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's work. The subject is commonplace, and in inferior hands might have been made vulgar, but the painter, by his treatment of the varied expressions of the bride, the bridegroom, and the wedding guests, and by his skilful manipulation of the light, has endowed the homely theme with a certain distinction.

ARMOUR AT WOOLWICH

See page 272

"THE ILFRACOMBE DISASTER."—Mr. W. R. Foster writes to protest against this accident being attributed to Ilfracombe. He says, "The boatman and boat belonged to Combsmartin, two miles and a half away, over which the Ilfracombe Local Board has no control whatever."

THE GERMAN EAST AFRICAN COIN.—A correspondent informs us that the inscription on this coin, in our issue of Saturday last, is in Arabic, and signifies "German Company, year 1307."

NOTE.—We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Fred Morgan, better known as Miss Alice Havers, an artist who has frequently contributed to our columns. Early in life she showed considerable artistic talent, especially in her treatment of domestic subjects. She began exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1873, and was a very popular and excellent painter. Some pictures from Miss Havers's brush will be reproduced in our forthcoming Christmas Number.



LORD SACKVILLE has made a strange claim, as Lord of the Manor, to "encroachment rent" in respect of the fountain and clock-tower presented in memory of Shakespeare and in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, to Stratford-on-Avon, by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, and erected, three years ago, in the middle of an open space which has been used as a market for more than 600 years. The Stratford Town Council refused to entertain the claim, even after Lord Sackville's agent had offered to forego the rent if they would acknowledge his right to it.

MR. W. S. GILBERT is, according to an agreement, entitled to a third share in the net profits of the representations of his and Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas produced at the Savoy. As he is dissatisfied with the accounts rendered by its lessee, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, an application on his behalf was made on Wednesday to Mr. Justice Lawrence, Vacation Judge, for the appointment of a receiver of the takings of *The Gondoliers*, now being performed at the Savoy. The application was opposed not only by Mr. D'Oyly Carte but by Sir Arthur Sullivan, for whom it was contended that if the order for the Receiver were granted, the property in which he is interested would be seriously injured. Ultimately, an interim arrangement was agreed to, and the application for the appointment of a Receiver was not pressed.

SO FAR as publicity goes, a check has been given to an attempt to import into this country, along with American journalism, some of the least reputable manoeuvres of American journalists eager to secure a priority in the supply of news. A newspaper man visited, very early in the morning, the office of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and before the hour of publication, having surreptitiously possessed himself of a copy of it, telegraphed to New York, for the *Herald* of the same day, portions of the *Post's* account of the life and death of Cardinal Newman. These duly appeared in the *New York Herald*, as furnished by its special correspondent, and as "copyright." The proprietors of the *Post* having prosecuted, but not vindictively, the too zealous journalist on a charge of stealing a copy of their paper, they accepted his expression of regret and an apology from the proprietors of the *Herald*.

FRUIT IS BEING BORNE BY THE DECISION of the Court of Queen's Bench, reported in this column at the time, which informed Justices that their power to refuse licenses was much more ample than had been generally supposed. At the recent annual licensing meeting for the Kingsclere Division of Hampshire, the Justices made careful inquiry into the number of public-houses and beer-houses in each parish, the distances between them, and the proportion which they bore to the population. The result was that they deferred for a month the consideration of the applications for a renewal of licenses in five or six parishes where there seemed to be a disproportionate number of public and kindred houses. A distinct intimation was also given that the occupiers of such houses whose licenses were being re-allowed must not take it for granted that these would be renewed on a future occasion, as such was not likely to be the case.

THE EXTREME ADVOCATES of total abstinence will, on the other hand, lament the decision of the Margate magistrates, who have added a new class of licenses to those already existing, by granting them to two local druggists for the sale of medicated wine, many druggists' shops being open all Sunday. The ground of the application was the increasing number of cases in which medical men, and particularly specialists, in London and elsewhere, "prescribe medicated wines."

THE OBJECT OF THE SHOP-ASSISTANTS' ASSOCIATION in agitating for a shortening of the hours of work may be legitimate, but the methods of promoting it are not always so. Two Edgware Road tradesmen have been complaining to the Marylebone police

magistrate of the conduct of members of the Association, who paraded that thoroughfare, distributing handbills, and persuading people not to deal at the establishments of the complainants, and others, which are not closed on Thursdays at five o'clock. The magistrate pronounced this form of boycotting to be "monstrous," and said that the police would do everything in their power to put a stop to it.

JOHN MAYNARD, a stevedore, was charged, at the Thames Police-court, on Tuesday, with intimidating labourers working in the London Docks on board the steamer *Heron*. Some of them wished to work, while others did not, for the wages at which they were hired. He threatened to throw any one into the dock who worked for 7d. instead of 8d. an hour. Ultimately the ship had to leave the dock without its cargo. After animadverting severely on the prisoner's conduct, Mr. Montagu Williams sentenced him to six months' hard labour.

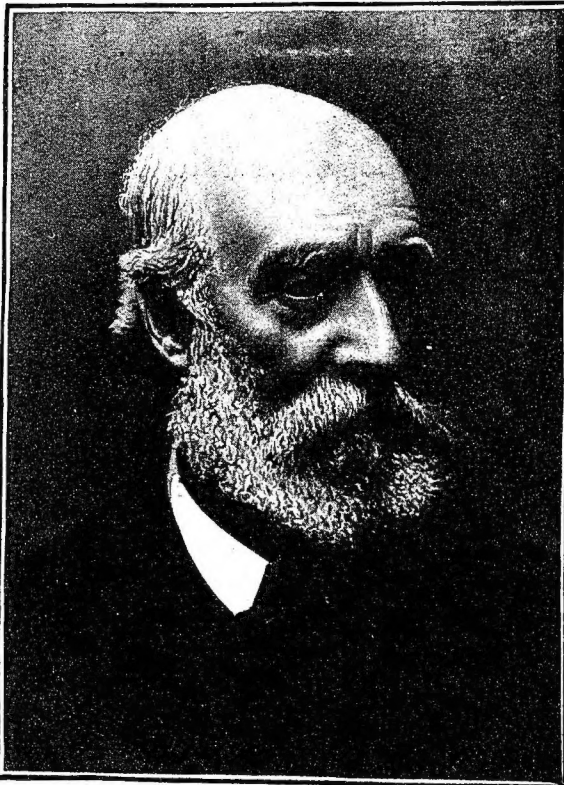
TWO YOUTHS OF NINETEEN—not, this time, boys of twelve—were charged at the Mansion House with throwing things over Blackfriars Bridge, one of which, a piece of wood, went dangerously near a passing steamer. The solicitor for the Victoria Steamboat Company said that the practice was growing more instead of less frequent; and the pier-master stated that recently a lady had been struck on the cheek by a stone thrown from the bridge. Sir Andrew Lusk fined the defendants 20s., or fourteen days' imprisonment.

MISS CATHERINE WOOD, now twenty-eight, was at the early age of seventeen convicted at Cardiff of stealing from the person. Since then she appears to have been going to and fro between Liverpool and New York, always with a first-class ticket, and from every steamer which she favoured with her company some valuables were found to have disappeared before she disembarked. She was recently convicted at the Liverpool Assizes of stealing a diamond ring on board the Atlantic liner *Etruria*. On her being brought up for judgment, the Assistant-Recorder pronounced her to be "a travelling thief," and, after sentencing her to be imprisoned for twelve months, ordered her to pay the cost of the prosecution out of the 160*l.* in money which, with a quantity of jewellery, was found upon her person.

THE EASTBOURNE TOWN COUNCIL, by a majority of 19 to 9, have resolved, on the motion of the Mayor, to prosecute the Salvation Army for sending one of its bands to march, with music playing, in procession through the streets of the town, in contravention of the municipal bye-laws.

MR. C. W. COPE, R.A.

MR. CHARLES WEST COPE, who died at Bournemouth on the 21st ult., was born at Leeds on July 28th, 1811. He early showed artistic talent, and his father, who was himself a painter of considerable merit, directed him in the choice of Art as a profession. He was educated at the Leeds Grammar School, and then proceeded to Sass's Art Academy. Thence he went to the Royal Academy Schools, obtaining one of the silver medals, and afterwards studied for some time in Paris and Italy. Some of his early pictures



MR. G. W. COPE, R.A.
Born July 28, 1811. Died August 21, 1890.

attracted considerable attention, but it was his success in the competition for designs to ornament the Houses of Parliament, when his "Trial by Jury" gained the first prize, which brought his name prominently before the public, and it is as a fresco-painter, perhaps, that he will be best remembered. The two large frescoes, "Order of the Garter" and "Prince Henry and Judge Gascoigne," over the throne in the House of Lords, are from his brush. One of his most important works in oil is "The Death of Cardinal Wolsey," painted for the Prince Consort, and now in the Prince's room at Osborne. In 1843 he was elected an A.R.A., and five years later a full Academician. Twice he declined the office of President—upon the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, and again on that of his successor, Sir Francis Grant. He was one of the Commissioners for Art at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and was President of the Art Commission at the Centennial Exhibition in America, where his picture of the "Pilgrim Fathers" had given him a great reputation. He was Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy from 1869 to 1875, he frequently held the office of "Visitor to the Life School," and he had a hand in many useful improvements, among others being the establishment of the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters. He continued the practice of his art to the end of his life, but, wiser than some of his fellows, he would not "lag superfluous" upon the stage, and accordingly retired to the position of Honorary Member in 1883, while still in full command of his powers. He is buried at Maidenhead.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Done and Ball, 12, Baker Street, W.

JAM is being made and preserved now on several farms—in Kent, as elsewhere—and the installation of engines, coppers, and all the battery of a great fruit-kitchen introduces interest and spirit into the localities where made.



IN A LETTER from Mr. Gladstone to Miss H. F. Hetherington, one of the authors of "Paul Nugent, Materialist, a Rejoinder to 'Robert Elsmere,'" who had sent him a copy of that work, the ex-Premier says that he has read it "with great interest and careful attention," adding: "I need hardly say that I sympathise with the purpose of the writers to uphold the commanding claims of positive belief in God, in the Soul, in Christianity, and in the Church, and so expose the fallacies of the hybrid and unreal system set up by 'Robert Elsmere.'"

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, addressing on Monday a branch of the Church of England Missionary Society, at Newquay, Cornwall, said that we must feel humiliated by the contrast between efforts for worldly conquests and those made for the propagation of the Gospel. Half a million was spent on a single ironclad, while wide fields of ignorance and folly were left with no one to help or save.

IF THE HOME REUNION MOVEMENT has done nothing else, it has at least contributed to establish more friendly personal relations than generally existed before between the hierarchy of the Church of England and the Nonconformist Clergy. The Bishop of Lichfield has invited about one hundred Nonconformist Ministers to a luncheon at his episcopal palace on Michaelmas Day. A discussion of the Home Reunion question forms no part of the programme, but it will perhaps be mooted at future meetings, in which the invited guests will take part, and they will be asked to join in Evening Service at the Cathedral.

THE BISHOP ST. ALBANS will be enthroned in St. Albans Cathedral on Tuesday, October 7th.

THERE ARE RUMOURS, the *Record* says, that the "modern" critics will not be unrepresented in the general discussion at the Church Congress of what that journal calls "the great Inspiration problem."

THE POPE himself will officiate early in October at a funeral service in St. Peter's in honour of Cardinal Newman. It will be solemnised with all the pomp of Roman ritual.

THE BRITISH ORGANISATION OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE intends to revisit its birthplace by accepting the invitation to meet at Manchester in October.

STRENUOUS RESISTANCE will doubtless be offered to the proposal for doing away with the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, and even, it is said, for placing on its site the exhibits of the Royal United Service Institution, which is soon to be demolished. The edifice thus threatened was originally the Banqueting House of the Royal Palace at Whitehall, and is the only portion of it which escaped the great fire of January, 1698. It was designed by Inigo Jones, and the pictures on its ceiling were painted abroad by Rubens. Through one of its windows Charles I. stepped, to be beheaded on the scaffold erected in front of it.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL IN BRICK LANE, SPITALFIELDS, is being abandoned, it is not said precisely why, and a closing service was held in it on Sunday last. It was originally a place of worship for French Protestants who were driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who established in Spitalfields its once-flourishing silk industry. It had become a Wesleyan chapel in the lifetime of John Wesley, who earnestly and successfully protested against a proposal to make money by its sale for other purposes.

THE DEATH AT PORTLAND, MAINE, U.S., is announced of the Rev. Dr. John Carruthers, who, having been ordained in 1819, was regarded as the father of the Congregational Churches. He was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, soon after its illustrious native, Thomas Carlyle, of whom he was a playmate. Ordained to the Congregational ministry, he laboured for a time in Russia, and afterwards held pastorates in England. Sent by the London Missionary Society to Canada, he settled ultimately at Portland, where he was minister for forty years.

THE SPARROW has met with a serious enemy in Miss Ormerod, the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society. The sparrow clubs formed by farmers in Cheshire and elsewhere have now received her official benediction, for her experience goes to show that not only are sparrows mischievous foes of the crops, but they are still more harmful in driving away and starving out the true insectivorous birds.

IRELAND IS THREATENED at present by the cold, shadowy form of food scarcity, likely to arise from the potato crop being seriously diseased. But there is a wide difference between scarcity and famine, and there still remains a good promise that a large proportion of the potato yield may be saved in a sound state. The weather can do much, and artificial means are also being tried by the application of sulphate of copper, lime, and ammonia to the diseased haulm, for which work the new machine, "Strawsoniser," is well adapted.

LORD TOLLEMACHE has an estate in Suffolk with 300 cottages, each with a garden of half an acre. Some of the men, farm labourers for the most part, fatten six or seven hogs a year, keep the inferior parts at home for use with cabbages and beans during the season, and themselves cure and sell the hams for the Suffolk markets. They find, however, a good local demand at eightpence a pound from the cottage direct, and there is no reason why profits like this should not be much more extensively acquired by the agricultural labourer class.

A "LADIES' DAY" was tried recently at the Bombay Art Society's Exhibition for the benefit of native women, who would not dare to visit the display on ordinary occasions, and encounter any members of the stronger sex. A Committee of English ladies announced a "purdah party" at the Exhibition for four hours, and arranged to receive the fair visitors, no masculine official being visible. Nearly a hundred native ladies came, mostly Mahomedans, with a few Parsees and Hindoos, and all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, looking at the pictures with keen interest. They preferred figures and animal subjects, but showed an appreciation of European art altogether which delighted their cicerones.

THE FIRST JAPANESE PARLIAMENT, in preparation for taking up its legislative functions, is already split up into a variety of factions, quite in the European fashion. The different parties are already organised, and are making their preparations with much zeal, although Parliament will not meet before November 1st. Probably the various sections will unite under three heads—Conservatives, Hoshu-to; Moderates, Kaishin-to; and Radicals, Jiyu-to; the two former preponderating. The Conservatives' programme is opposed to Western ideas, and to much advance in civilisation, while the Radicals produce a list of thirty-two sweeping reforms—eight of which the Government have forbidden to be discussed. The Moderates hover between the two, though their platform more nearly resembles that of the Radicals. Members are to be paid about eight shillings daily during the Session.



I.

If there is any one who has not yet made up his or her mind on the life and character of Cardinal Newman, it will not be from any lack of material. The daily and weekly press has dealt fully with the subject, and the magazines for September have some excellent articles on the great ecclesiastic who has passed away. The paper in the *Fortnightly Review* is written by Mr. W. S. Lilly, who for seventeen years enjoyed the close friendship of Dr. Newman. Mr. Lilly writes of the Cardinal as he knew him; not as the controversialist and leader of the Catholic revival, but as the venerated friend in private life, and in this relation publishes many specimens of letters received from Cardinal Newman, which are of the highest interest. Mr. Wilfred Meynell, in the *Contemporary Review*, supplements Mr. Lilly by giving us a sketch of Cardinal Newman's life and family, dealing especially with his early surroundings, and of the period of storm and trouble which ended in his secession to Rome.—In the *New Review* Mr. C. Kegan Paul points out that Cardinal Newman had an intense feeling of the duties of the class to which he was born, and that he always set the English gentleman before himself as the character which was most grateful to him. Mr. Paul also dwells on the Cardinal's admiration for a quasi-monastic life, and the intense simplicity and saintliness of his character, but he directly contradicts Mr. W. S. Lilly when he affirms that Newman would allow no standing point between the faith of Rome and Atheism.—The *National Review* has only a short note on Dr. Newman, in which it declares that he will be remembered rather as a great Englishman, and a great Anglican, than as a "Roman Cardinal."—*Murray* merely remarks that England has lost one of its greatest men in Cardinal Newman, and that only those who were his contemporaries have any right to criticise his character.—The article in *Tinsley* on Cardinal Newman and the Oxford Movement is by Charles J. Ward, M.A., and is interesting as being the only paper, if we except the two short notes in the *National Review* and *Murray*, which does not deal with Dr. Newman from an exclusively Roman Catholic point of view. Mr. Ward points out that much as Newman did for the Roman Church, he did far more for the Anglican Church, and affirms that his secession to Rome still remains as great a mystery as ever, for in some respects he was never an enthusiastic Romanist, and would not have died a Cardinal if Pío Nono were alive.—The *Lamp* has a paper written by an "Old Boy," who was educated at Edgbaston by Cardinal Newman. The writer appears to know so little of the outer world as to imagine that the Roman Communion is co-extensive with Christianity, but his sketch of the great ecclesiastic at the school is worth reading. The Cardinal's influence must have been a pure and ennobling one, and the "Old Boy" says that, to those who grew up under his roof in his last years, he will always be the same figure, an old man, very great, very reverend, but above all infinitely beloved.

Another subject which has attracted the ingenious editor is the crisis in the Argentine Republic. Mr. W. R. Lawson contributes an article on the financial significance of the crisis to the *Fortnightly*, and another on the "Argentine Filibusters" to the *Contemporary*, while Mr. H. B. Callander writes on the development of the crisis in the *Fortnightly* in somewhat milder language. The secret of the whole matter seems to be the inveterate habit American Republican politicians have of entering office with their worldly goods tied up in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief, and of quitting office later on as the possessors of palatial residences, and large fortunes in the best securities.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's clever article, "The Enlightenments of Paget, M.P." in the *Contemporary*, should give the globe-trotting notoriety-hunter food for reflection; and if he then turns to the article on "Indian Child Marriages," by Rukhmabai, in the *New Review*, he may perhaps understand why Anglo-Indians look upon the National Congress with contemptuous scorn.

Other articles worth reading in the more serious reviews are "Our Critics in Germany," in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*; "Agnosticism and Christianity," with a letter from Mr. Gladstone in the *Newbury House Magazine*; "The Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute," by Sir W. Whiteway and his colleagues, and another of Mr. E. B. Lanin's scathing indictments of Russia in the *Fortnightly*; "A Private Soldier on the Private Soldier's Wrongs," by Arthur V. Palmer; and a suggestive paper on "A Pompeii for the Twenty-Ninth Century," in which Mr. Frederic Harrison proposes to store up in air-tight underground chambers the *Times*, *The Graphic*, *Whitaker*, and *Bradshaw*, together with many other things, for the benefit of our descendants a thousand years hence—both in the *Nineteenth Century*; and in *Blackwood* the "True Story of the Treasure Hunt," by a Member of Mr. E. F. Knight's Expedition, and "Government and the Crofters."

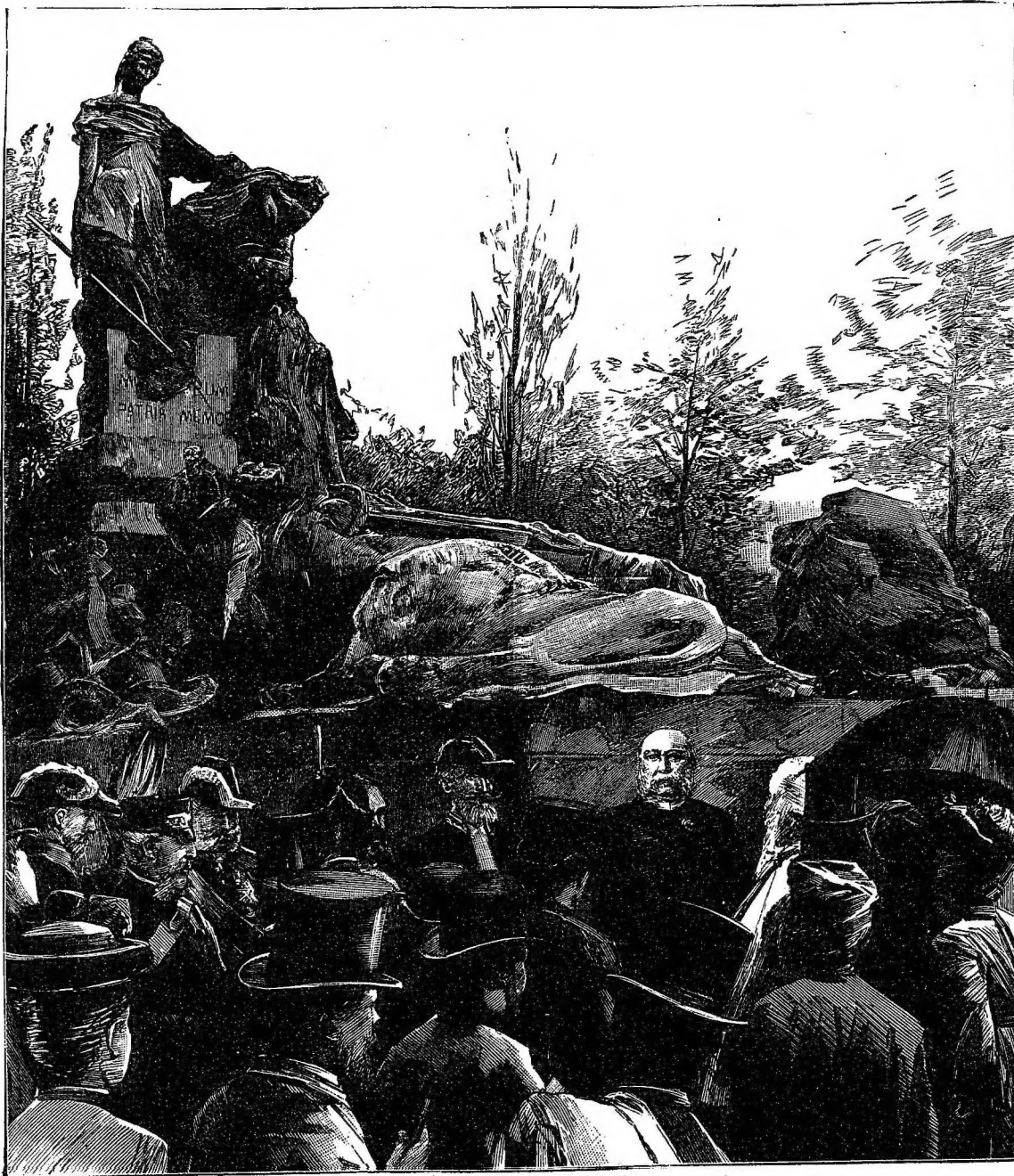
Among the Art magazines, the *Art Journal* still holds its own. The engraving this month is Keeley Halswelle's "Non Angli, sed Angeli," and there is an interesting paper on "The Royal Academy in the Last Century."—The *Magazine of Art* publishes an excellent photograph of Fernand Cormon's "Stone Age," and most of the letterpress is good.—*Art and Literature* has mezzographs of "The Sculptor," by J. B. Burgess, R.A., and "Vashti

Deposed," by E. Normand, both hung in this year's Academy; and a splendid portrait of George MacDonald, LL.D.

Of magazines and reviews that are more or less religious in tone we have received *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Quiver*, the *Sun*, the *Church Worker*, the *Church Sunday School Magazine*, the *Cottage Artizan*, the *Tract Magazine*, *Friendly Greetings*, the *Day of Days*, *Home Words*, and *The Fireside*.

THE WATERLOO MEMORIAL AT BRUSSELS

IN the year 1887 the Municipal Council of Brussels decided to close all the old graveyards of the town, and to transfer their contents to the new cemetery at Evère. The British residents in Belgium thought it an excellent opportunity to erect a memorial to the British officers buried in those cemeteries. Accordingly committees were formed, and a fund was started, to which the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Government, among others, contributed, and which eventually amounted to nearly 2,500*l*. The Municipal Council gave the site, and the Comte de Lalaing, the well-known sculptor, whose mother is an English lady, and who formerly served in our Navy, undertook to design the monument free of charge. It consists of a sarcophagus, nine metres in length,



THE UNVEILING OF THE WATERLOO MONUMENT IN THE EVÈRE CEMETERY, BRUSSELS, BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

and four metres in width, of red Trèves sandstone, on which helmets, flags, and other warlike emblems in bronze are disposed in masses. Around its surface three bronze lions watch in varied attitudes, and above it Britannia, holding her casque in one hand and a bronze trident in the other, kneels at an altar. In the vaults below are coffins containing the remains of fifteen British officers, which have been removed from the old cemeteries at Hougoumont and Quatre Bras; and around the monument are the old tombstones, which have also been transplanted. Unfortunately the day of the unveiling turned out very wet, but there was, nevertheless, a numerous attendance. Lord Vivian, the British Minister at Brussels, read an address, to which the Duke replied in words which, while showing a proper pride, wounded no sympathies. He then unveiled the monument, which was handed over to the keeping of the Burgomaster of Brussels. The Comte de Lalaing, the Lord Mayor of London, and other distinguished persons were then presented to the Duke, who afterwards went round the monument and visited the vaults.

A CASE OF EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY is reported by a Monastir newspaper. In a village near Elbassan lives a man named Ismail, who is alleged to be one hundred and forty years of age. He has two sons, respectively aged seventy-five and twenty years. The younger having been lately enrolled, Ismail walked to the nearest town, about three hours' distance, to beg the authorities to exempt him from military service. The old man is still in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, physical and intellectual, only suffering from a slight deafness. He takes daily a walk of three or four hours. His appetite is unimpaired; he does not, however, relish hot meals, and likes to drink cold water. Ismail married three times, his first two wives having died at the age of eighty. He was married a third time to a young woman who gave him his younger son, now aged twenty.



THE TURF.—The chief interest of the York meeting last week attached to the Great Yorkshire Stakes, in which Queen's Birthday was opposed by Ornatus and Ponza. They finished in the order named, and Mr. Lascelles' colt has accordingly been freely supported for the St. Leger at as little as 8 to 1. The only other change of importance in the market for the great race to be decided at Doncaster on Wednesday next has been the establishment of Heaume as favourite in place of Surefoot, and the improvement of Memoir from 25 to 1 to 14 to 1, as the result of her return to exercise. Of the other races at York, we may mention the Convivial Produce Stakes, won by Mr. Lascelles' Pannonia; the Great Ebor Handicap Plate, in which the placed horses were Silver Spur, Padua, and St. Benedict, Philomel and Tyrant, the favourites, being nowhere; and the Gimcrack Stakes, won by Royal Stag. At Huntingdon Rednal and Bert each won a couple of races, while at Scarborough nothing of importance was done.—The Futurity Stakes of 70,000 dollars (!) in America went to a horse called Potomac.—A horse called Roy Wilkes trotted a mile in 2 min. 8¼ secs. on Saturday, thus beating Maud S.'s record of 2 min. 8¾ sec.

CRICKET.—The first-class county season closed on Saturday with the victories of Yorkshire over Sussex, and of Lancashire over Notts. Surrey, although their last two essays against Yorkshire and Kent resulted adversely, are easily first, with nine victories against three defeats; a result chiefly due to the brilliant all-round play of Lohmann, the batting of Abel, and the bowling of Sharpe. Next came Lancashire with seven victories against three defeats, Briggs, Mold, and the two Wards having been the chief factors in their success. Kent and Yorkshire tie for the third place, with six victories against three defeats. For the hop county, the bowling of Martin and Wright (the latter of whom, we are sorry to say, sustained a very severe dislocation of the thumb in the last Surrey match) have bowled exceedingly well, while the batting has been very even. Lord Hawke heads the Yorkshire batting averages, with Ulyett a good second, while Harrison and Peel have been very successful with the ball. Shrewsbury (average 49) and Gunn (33) have done their best for Notts, and Attewell's bowling was as effective as ever, but the team seemed to get stale towards the end of the season. Gloucestershire, for whom Dr. W. G. Grace heads the batting and Woolf the bowling averages, began badly but ended well. Middlesex, for whom Mr. Webbe and Burton have done best, began well but ended badly. Sussex began badly and ended badly.—Of the second-class counties, Somersetshire, mainly owing to the excellent all-round play of the professionals, Nichols and Tyler, have had a remarkable season, winning twelve of their thirteen matches, and making a tie with Middlesex.

Since we last wrote the Australians have beaten Staffordshire and the North of England; and at Scarborough the Gentlemen of England have defeated I Zingari, and Yorkshire made a draw with M.C.C.—We have only space for two curiosities, the 511 (for 7 wickets) scored by Tonbridge against Crystal Palace, and the dismissal of a team of Baptists, when playing against a Wesleyan eleven, for an absolute cypher.

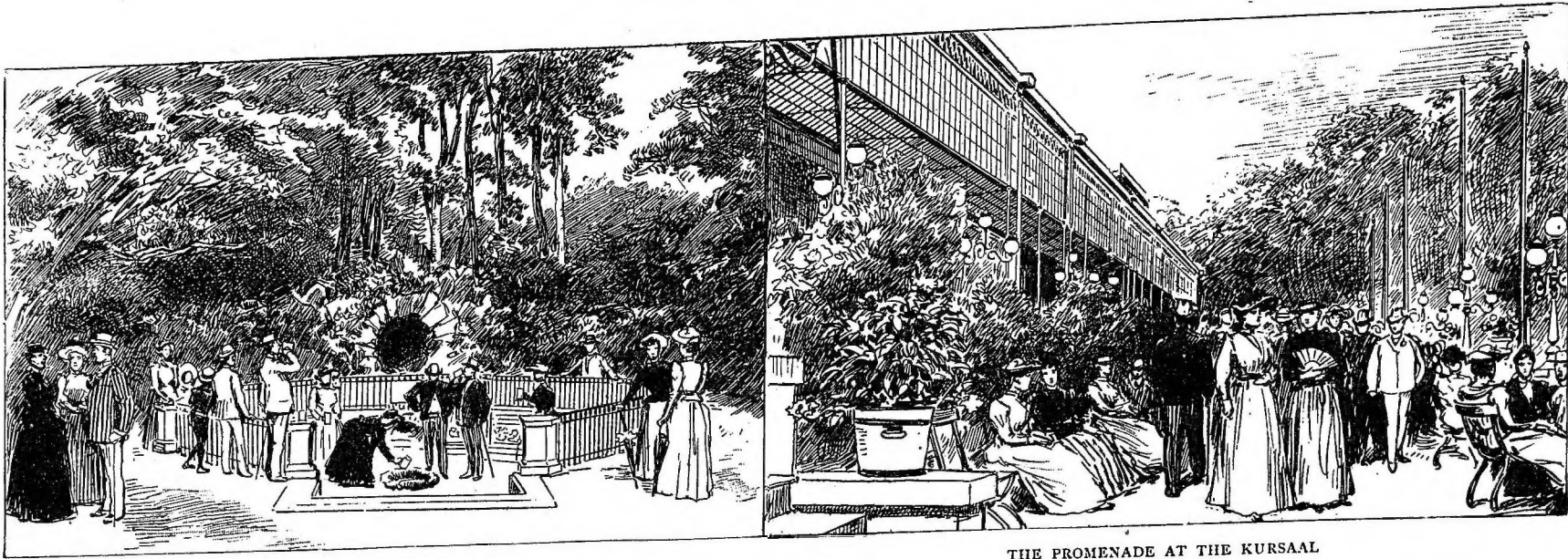
SWIMMING.—The Ulph Challenge Cup, swum for at Yarmouth last week, was won by A. Smith, of the Tyldesley S.C.—Nuttall beat Finney for the One Mile Professional Championship at Brighton last Saturday.—Dalton, the "hero" of the Channel swim, has announced his intention of swimming from Blackwall to Gravesend by way of establishing his reputation.

FOOTBALL.—The draw for the qualifying competition of the Association Cup was published this week. We are glad to see that the Old Carthusians, whose entry was late in arriving, have nevertheless been duly admitted.—The Royal Arsenal Football Club is one of the most rising clubs in the south. They have this season secured a fine new ground at Plumstead, are well provided with members, and have issued a strong card of matches. The Casuals, on their new ground at Wormwood Scrubs, are looking forward to a better season than ever, and Clapton have also got a long list of fixtures.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Masters' Chess Tournament at Manchester, Mason, Mackenzie, and Blackburne were on Monday equal with seven and a-half games each.—Mr. E. G. Meers, for the fourth time in three years, holds the Lawn Tennis Championship of Essex. Not bad for a (nominal) "veteran"!—J. L. Sullivan has abandoned the Ring for the Stage.—Partridge-shooting began on Monday, but sport in most parts of the country is not up to the average. In many places the corn is still standing, while numbers of young ones have succumbed to the bad weather.—The twelve miles' running match between W. H. Morton, of the Salford Harriers, and Sid. Thomas, resulted, after a good race, in favour of the former. Both the competitors beat the previous record.—In a twenty-four hours' bicycle road race on Saturday, M. A. Holbein, on a "cushion-tired safety," covered the extraordinary distance of 336½ miles, twelve and a-half more miles than had ever been ridden in a day before.

THE NEW PARIS DAILY NEWSPAPER, the *Union Franco-Russe*, will be edited by Madame Juliette Adam.

THE GRAPHIC



THE LOUIS SPRING

THE PROMENADE AT THE KURSAAL

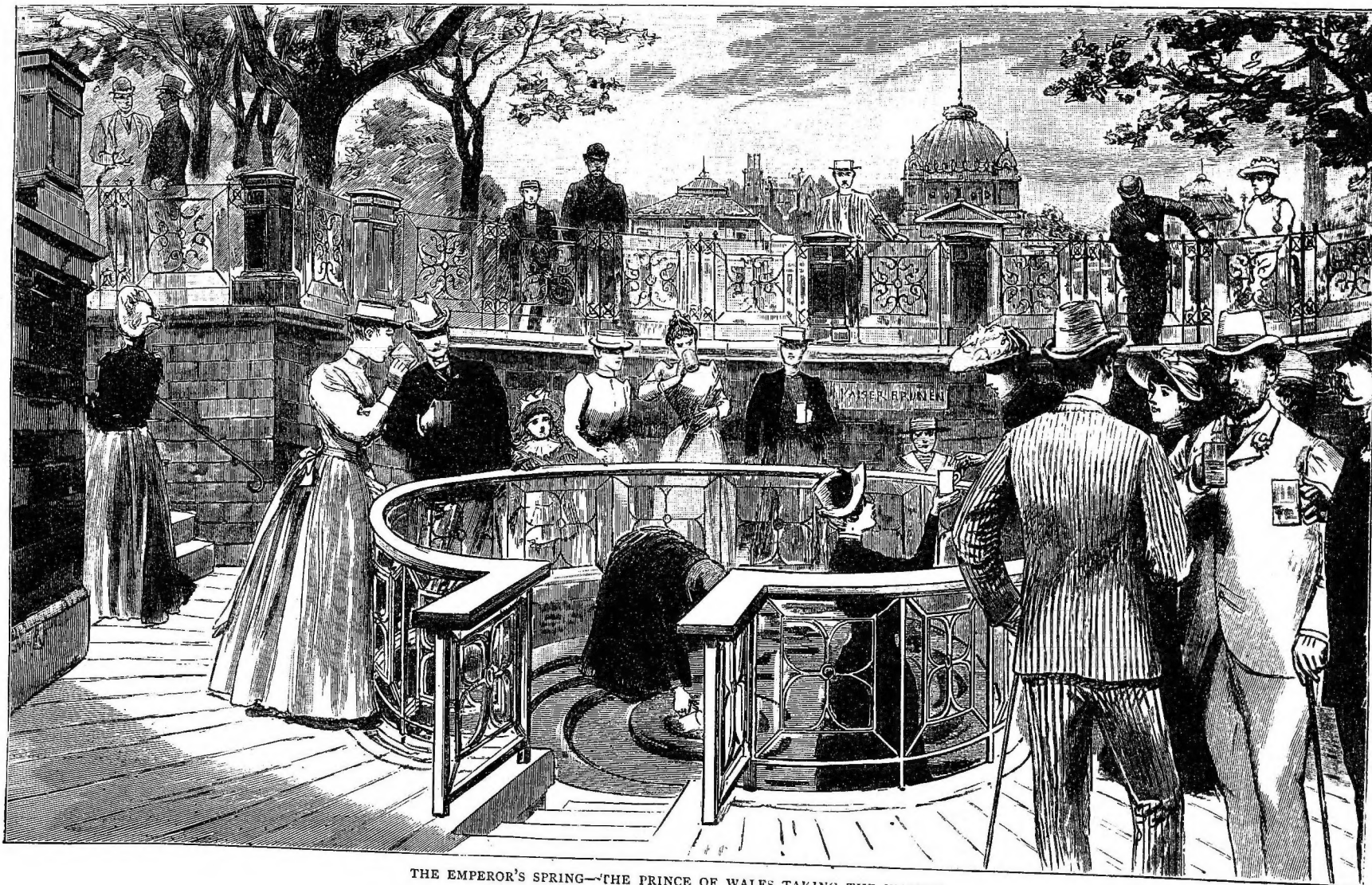
THE CARVING OVER THE GATEWAY

A COUNTRY NYMPH



THE CASTLE

THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS



THE EMPEROR'S SPRING—THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING THE WATERS

THE SEASON AT HOMBURG

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Urith had snatched the pistol from the holster of her uncle's saddle, had leaped to the ground, run forward, and fired.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LOVER AND HIS LASS

ANTHONY strode along the way to Willsworthy. That way took him past Cudliptown. The landlord was at the door of his inn. "What! pass my house without a step inside?" asked he. "There's Master Sol Gibbs there and Moorman Ever." "I cannot stay," answered Anthony. "Oh!" laughed the taverner, "I see;" and he began to whistle a country song—"An evening so clear."

Instantly the strains of a viol-de-gamba were heard from within taking up the strain, and Uncle Solomon's voice singing lustily:

An evening so clear
I would that I were,
To kiss thy soft cheek
With the faintest of air.
The star that is twinkling
So brightly above,
I would that I were
To enlighten my love!

Anthony walked on. His brow knitted, and he set his teeth. The innkeeper had guessed that he was going to Willsworthy, and suspected the reason. That idiot Solomon Gibbs had been talking.

As he strode along, the plaintive and sweet melody followed him; all that was harsh in the voice mellowed by the distance; and Anthony sang to himself low, as he continued his course:

I would I were heaven,
O'erarching and blue,
I'd bathe thee, my dearest,
In freshest of dew.
I would I the sun were,
All radiance and glow,
I'd pour all my splendour
On thee, love, below!

He remembered how—only a few weeks ago when he had been at the tavern with some comrades, and songs had been called for, he had expressed his impatience at this very piece, which he said was rank folly. Then he had not understood the yearning of the heart for the loved one, had not conceived of the desire to be all and everything to his mistress. Now he was expelled from his father's house, threatened with being disinherited, and was actually without money in his pocket wherewith to pay for ale or wine at the tavern, had he entered it. He who had been so free with his coin, so ready to treat others, was now unable to give himself a mug of ale. That was what had driven him past the tavern door without crossing the threshold, or rather that was one reason why he had resisted the

invitation of the host. Yes—he had suffered for Urith, and he rather plumed himself on having done so. She could not resist his appeal when he told her all he had risked for her sake.

Besides, Anthony was stubborn. The fact of his father's resistance to his wish had hammered his resolution into inflexibility. Nothing in the world, no person alive or dead—neither his father nor her mother—should interfere to frustrate his will. Anthony's heart beat fast between anger and impatience to break down every obstacle; he sang on, as he walked:—

If I were the waters
That round the world run,
I'd lavish my pearls on thee,
Not keeping of one.
I were the summer,
My flowers and green
I'd heap on thy temples,
And crown thee my Queen.

He had reached the ascent to Willsworthy, he looked up the lane—and saw Urith in it; outside the entrance gates to the Manor House. She was there looking for her uncle, who had been required about some farm-business. She saw Anthony coming to her, with the sun glistening on him over the rude stone hedge hung with fern. She heard his song, and she knew the words—she knew that he was applying them to her. For a moment she hesitated, whether to meet him or to retire into the house. She speedily formed her resolution. If there must be an interview, a final interview, it had better be at once, and got over.

The evening sun was low, the moor peaks over the manor house were flushed a delicate pink, as though the heather were in bloom. Alas! this year no heather would wrap the hills in rose flush, for it had been burnt in the great fire. High aloft the larks were shrilling. She could hear their song in broken snatches between the strophes of Anthony's lay as he ascended the hill. He had seen her, and his voice became loud and jubilant:—

If I were a kiln,
All fire and flame,
I'd mantle and girdle thee
Round with the same.
But as I am nothing
Save love-mazed Bill,
Pray take of me, make of me,
Just what you will.

He had reached her. He held out his arms to engirdle her as he had threatened, and the flame leaped and danced in his eyes and glowed in his lips and cheek.

She drew back proudly.
"You have had my message."

"I take no messages—certainly none sent through parsons. The dove is the carrier between lovers, and not the croaking raven."

"Perhaps it is as well," said Urith, coldly. She had nerved herself to play her part, but her heart was bounding and beating against her sides like the Tavy in one of its granite pools beneath a cataract. "I sent by Master Luke Cleverdon to let you know that we must see each other no more."

"I will take no such message. I will—I must see you. I cannot live without."

"My mother's wishes must be followed. I have promised to see and speak to you no more."

"You promised! To whom? To her?"

Urith was silent.

"I will know who twisted this promise out of you. Was it Luke? If so his cassock and our cousinship shall not save him."

"It was not Luke."

"It was your mother?"

"I did not actually promise anything to my mother. But—I must not shrink from telling you—I have made the promise to myself, we can be nothing to each other."

"Unsay the promise at once—do you hear? At once."

"I cannot do that. I made it because I considered it right. Your father is against our acquaintance—" She hesitated.

"Go on—he is against our being lovers," and more against our marrying. But what of that? He always gives way in the end, and now the only means of bringing him to his senses is for us to go before the altar."

"My mother with her last breath warned me from you."

"I know perfectly well for what reason. My mother and your father were to each other what you and I are now; then, by some chance, all went wrong, and each got wed to the wrong person. Neither was happy after that, and my father on one side and your mother on the other, could not forget this, so they have carried on the grudge to the next generation, and would make us do the wrong that they did, and give you to—the Lord knows who?—perhaps, Fox Crymes; and me, certainly, to Julian. I have seen what comes of wedding where the heart is elsewhere. I will not commit the folly my father was guilty of. Julian Crymes shall take another, she shall never have me. And you, I reckon, have no fancy for another save me; and if your mother had made any scheme for you, she has taken it with her to the grave, and you are not tied to make yourself unhappy thereon."

As he spoke, Urith retreated through the gateway into the court, and Anthony, vehement in his purpose, followed her.

They were as much alone and unobserved in the little court as in the lane, for only the hall windows and those of an unused parlour

CHAPTER XX.

A BLOODY HAND

THE effect on Anthony's horse was instantaneous. With a snort it bounded into the air, threw back its head, then kicked out and began to dance and revolve, put its head down between the forelegs, then reared into the air, every violent motion fanning the burning bunch of amadou into stronger heat.

Anthony was taken by surprise, but maintained his seat. The horse quickly scattered those around. One man, struck by the hoofs, was drawn away in a state of unconsciousness. Some men were driven in among the enclosed ponies, but quickly ran away; and, in less time than it takes to write, the circle of lookers-on had reformed, enclosing Anthony on his maddened steed in the same arena with the wild cobs and colts.

A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The tortured horse bounded in among the throng of ponies, and threw them, if possible, into wilder disorder. All that could be seen for some moments was a tumult of heads, flying manes, hoofs, beasts leaping on and over each other, and Anthony with difficulty, and in extreme danger, carried up and down above the sea of horses' heads and heels. If he had fallen, his brains would have been dashed out in one minute. He knew this, and endeavoured to force his horse by deep spur out of the tangle; but, agonised by the fire in its ear, it disregarded rein and spur. Of its own accord, however, it disengaged itself, or by chance found itself free for an instant from the surrounding tossing, plunging mass of its fellows; and then, with a scream rather than a snort, it dashed right among the surrounding men. They divided at once—not a man ventured forward to catch the rein and stay the mad beast.

In front was the river, with the low wall of the bridge over it, and under the arch, among huge masses of granite, leaped, and roared, and tumbled the Walla, as mad as the frightened moorland ponies—of a rich brown, but transparent, colour, where not whipped into foam.

Anthony's horse was dashing at the wall. The brute's head was now round biting itself, then down between its fore-hoofs, in a frantic paroxysm of kicks. Then it rushed forward, halted, spun round, then leaped with all four feet into the air, uttering screams. Every one was cowed—no one dared approach, and yet the situation of Anthony was critical. Another bound, maybe, and his horse would be over the wall, and roll with him among the masses of rock big as haystacks, over and among which the river dashed itself to threads and flakes of foam, or went down into one of the wine-dark pools, where the eddies swirled and dissolved their foam before taking another leap.

Instinctively, overawed by one of those waves of feeling which come on men and beasts alike, all sounds ceased, the men no longer spoke, nor did the dogs bark. Only the churning of the colts' and ponies' feet was heard within the living ring of men, and the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of a sheep-bell beyond the river.

The horse was rearing to leap.

At that moment—a shot, and the horse fell like lead. Urith had snatched the pistol from the holster of her uncle's saddle, had leaped to the ground, run forward, and fired.

Silence remained as unbroken as before, save for the tinkle of the sheep-bell, till Anthony disengaged himself from his fallen horse, stood up, shook himself, and then a cheer burst from all the men present, who pressed forward to congratulate him.

"Stay!" said Urith, still on the bridge, and with the pistol in her hand. She was white with emotion, and her eyes flaming with wrath. "Listen to me—you—all of you. I saw him do it—I saw him light a ball of tinder and thrust it into the horse's ear, to drive the beast mad."

She looked round—her flashing eyes sought out him of whom she spoke.

"I saw him do it, when all were looking elsewhere after their cobs. He hated him, and he sought this mean, this cruel, this treacherous revenge on him."

She panted, her heart was beating furiously, and the blood rushed to her temples, and then ebbed away again, leaving her giddy.

"Take him!" she cried. "He deserves it. Take him and fling him among the horses, and let them trample him down into the dirt. The man who did what he has done deserves no better."

"Who!—who!—name!" shouted the bystanders.

"Who it was who did this? Did I not name him? It is he." She had caught sight of him with his bandaged eye. "Bring him forward—Fox Crymes."

In a moment Fox was hustled forth out of the throng into the foreground.

"I would," gasped Urith, in quivering fury, "that I had another pistol, and I would shoot you, as I have the horse, base vile coward."

Fox looked at her contemptuously out of his one eye. "It is well that none is in your hand—a maniac should not be trusted with firearms, or should practise them on herself."

"What has he done?" shouted Farmer Cudlip. "What is the charge against him?"

"I say," answered Urith, "that whilst all were engaged looking for their colts, I saw him light a piece of tinder with flint and steel, and then thrust it into the ear of the horse."

Silence followed this announcement. The men had been too surprised to follow her charge when first made.

"What do you say to that, Master Crymes?" asked Cudlip.

"It is a lie," retorted Fox. "She did it herself so as to make a spectacle and appear as the preserver of her lover."

Again silence, save only for the trampling of the enraged ponies. The sheepbell had ceased; maybe, the sheep that bore the bell was lying down.

Urith spoke slowly, in her deepest tones.

"On the moor there is no law—or only the plain law of God that all can understand and obey. He is a murderer in heart. He tried to kill Anthony Cleverdon, and now he—coward that he is—insults me. Take him up and throw him among the horses."

At once a score of hands were laid on Fox Crymes. It was true, there was no law on the moor. There every man was a law unto himself. The Stannary Court sat but once in the year on the top of one of the central Tors, but that took cognisance only of offences against the mining laws. There was no criminal jurisdiction over the moor lodged anywhere—or, it was supposed that there was none. But then—crime was unknown on Dartmoor.

When an act of violence is to be done, especially when sanctioned by some rough rule of justice, there is no lack of hands to commit it.

Fox Crymes was generally disliked, his stinging tongue, his lack of geniality had alienated every acquaintance from him; the farmers present were rude men of the moor confines, brought under little or no control, kings on their own estates, and free of the moor to do thereon what they listed, take thence what they desired, fight thereon any with whom they were at feud, avenge themselves with their own arms for any wrong done to them. Never had a lawyer been invoked to unravel a doubtful claim, or to settle a dispute. Every knot was, if not cut through with a sword, at all events beaten out with the quarterstaff; and every dispute brought to an end by silencing one side with a bludgeon or a pistol.

In one moment, Fox Crymes was caught up, with a roar of many voices giving consent to the execution of the sentence pronounced by Urith, at once accuser and judge.

"Hold off!" cried Fox, and drew his knife; freeing himself by a twist of the body from those who held him, and who shrank back at the flash of steel.

His one eye glared. "I will drive it up to the haft in the first man who touches me!" he said.

"Strike it out o' his hand!" shouted Cudlip.

Fox stabbing with his blade to right and left backed from his assailants towards the wall. Cudgels were raised and aimed at him, but he dexterously withdrew his arm as each descended. The sight of the drawn weapon kindled the blood of the moor men, and those who had held back at first, now pressed forward to take him.

A shout! the colts and horses had made a rush, a dash, and had broken through the ring. It was quickly reformed, and away after those who had escaped rushed some of the men with their whips whirled about their heads.

This caused a momentary diversion: Anthony took advantage to leave his place by the fallen horse, come forward, and with his elbows force his way through to Crymes, and then, planting himself between Fox and his assailants, he shouted:—

"No harm has been done. It was a joke. He and I had sport together, and I hit him in the eye and hurt him; he knows I never designed to injure him. Now he tried a merry prank on me. He designed no hurt to me—but it has gone further than he would, as did mine with him. Hands off—here Fox, show them we bear each other no malice—here, before all, give me your right hand, good friend."

Crymes held back.

Cudgels were lowered, and the men drew away.

Fox slipped his hunting-knife up his sleeve, and sullenly extended his arm.

"You see!" called Anthony, looking round, and not regarding Crymes. "You see! We are good friends, and hearty comrades."

Then he clasped the right hand of Fox. As he did so, the blade slipped down the sleeve into the hand of Crymes, and as Anthony clenched his fingers about those of Fox, they closed on the blade in his hand, which was keen, and cut. He felt the knife, but he did not relax his grasp, and when he drew his hand away it was covered with blood.

"It was a mischance," said Crymes, with a malicious laugh. "You did not give me time to sheath the knife."

"Many a mischance falls between us," answered Anthony, hastily, drawing his glove over the wounded hand, lest it should attract attention.

Then he strode up to Urith, who stood palpitating near.

"I have saved you from yourself to-day," he said.

"Yes—I thank you."

"You can thank me but in one way."

"How so?"

"Give me your hand. Take me for ever."

She put her hand into his: "I cannot help myself," she said, in a low tone, "Oh, mother, forgive."

Then she loosed her hand, looked on it and said, "There is blood!"

The blood had oozed through his glove.

"It is my blood," answered Anthony, "on your hand."

(To be continued)



THE frontier-land of Hindostan lying East of the Indus and its martial inhabitants, made familiar to many by the stirring verse of "Yussuf" and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, are pleasantly and elaborately described by Mr. Edward E. Oliver in "Across the Border; or, Pathan and Biloch." The volume is illustrated by Mr. J. L. Kipling, C.I.E., and is provided as well with a large map showing the location of all the tribes and the surrounding countries. Up till recently such a work as this would have been well-nigh impossible, as no accurate knowledge was possessed of the peoples here portrayed. Masterly inactivity and ridicule of a scientific frontier were the order of the day. Our officers on the Border were actually discouraged from seeking to obtain information regarding neighbouring tribes and territories; what they did obtain was acquired in spite of orders, and almost by stealth. However, all that is changed now, and with it some of our conceptions of the Borderer. The supposition that every Biloch is a thief, and every Pathan a murderer in his heart, is seen to be altogether wide of the mark. "Both," observes Mr. Oliver, "have held their own as freemen through centuries of disturbance; both echo the Briton's sentiment that anything is preferable to slavery. That if 'never united they should always be free' is a familiar saying of their own." The Pathan and Biloch differ in characteristics. Both are given to hospitality, both ready to exact an eye for an eye, and a life for a life; but the Biloch prefers to kill his enemy from the front, the Pathan from behind. To both "Allah is Great, and Muhammad is His Prophet," though the Pathan is often a dangerous fanatic, while the Biloch is perfectly willing to have his prayers said for him. There is the story of one who, asked why he did not keep the Fast of Ramzân, replied that he was excused, as his chief was keeping it for him. "What are you doing?" said another to a pious Muhammadan saying his evening prayers in the plains. "Praying in the fear of God," said the plainsman. "Come along to my hills," rejoined the Biloch, "where we don't fear anybody." On the customs, folk-lore, and political organisation of Pathan and Biloch, the writer supplies a great deal of interesting and reliable information. His style is bright and vivacious, so that the volume before us will be found as entertaining as it is instructive.

Mr. F. C. Burnand has constructed a new book of puns, "A New Light Thrown Across (the Keep it Quite) Darkest Africa" (Trischler). "H. M. S." is represented as a showman, who starts to find a rival, the Eminent Pasha. The Eminent Pasha outwits "H. M. S." The following is a typical passage from the diary:—"In the forest. Difficult to find the right way. Timber dense; so are the people we meet. Most remarkable race are come across to-day. Their heads were completely wooden from always living among the trees. They hardly ever stir out of a certain place, and yet, as Mhuggar Makulaf observes, 'live entirely en route.' Being armed with hatchets, we axed our way, but they made no reply." This is certainly not Mr. Burnand's funniest effort, but it will probably amuse persons with an inexhaustible appetite for humorous word-play.

Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. publish "The Presidential Armies of India," by the late Colonel S. Rivett-Carnac, with a continuation and general remarks upon India by Colonel W. F. B. Laurie. The volume opens with an excellent summary of Indian history prior to the advent of the English, and of the adventures and business of the early European traders to the East. There can be no question of the utility of the work for schools and private students. While the stirring events which have accompanied the building up of our Empire are described in sufficient detail to redeem the narrative from any suspicion of dulness, the author has so compressed immaterial facts as to bring this story of far-reaching conquest within reasonable space.

The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's series of historical

handbooks, "The Story of the Nations," is "Scotland, from the Earliest Times to the Present Century," by John Mackintosh, LL.D. As the writer points out, the story of Scotland presents two classes of facts and incidents of varied and absorbing interest. First, the conflict of the chief tribes with each other; the foundation of the Monarchy; the gradual extinction of the kingdom from its centre outward; and the development of a distinct and intense nationality. Second, the struggles arising from the invasions and attacks of external enemies, which were commenced by the Romans, followed by the Danes and Norwegians; and, finally, the long and unequal conflict with England. Of course the volume is only a general sketch; but it is a good and useful one, and Dr. Mackintosh has performed his task in a thorough and workmanlike manner.

Mr. G. T. Bettany has reprinted from *Lippincott's*, with additions, "A Dead Man's Diary, Written After His Decease" (Ward, Lock). Remorse is the fundamental thought of Mr. Bettany's hell, which is, by the way, not separate, as regards locality, from heaven. "Do you think," observed a lady friend whom he met in Hades, "that I could be happy anywhere separated from my brother? Why, even Dives in the parable was unable to forget the five brethren he had left behind him, and cried out amid the flames, asking that Lazarus might be sent to warn them, lest they, too, should come to that place of torment. Is it likely, then, that any wife, mother, or sister, worthy of the name, would be content to settle down idle-handed in heaven, knowing that a loved one was in hell and in agony? . . . When we are satisfied that a man who has fallen into the water is dead, we may not unnaturally conclude that the will of God, as far as this world is concerned, is that he should come to an end by drowning, and we must bow to that will; but, as long as we can see a 'kick' left in him, we feel that we must do all we can to bring him round again. Isn't that natural?" Mr. Bettany's theory is not strikingly original; but he has treated it with much freshness, and not infrequently there are passages of some dignity and elevation in point of style.

Messrs. Kegan Paul publish a Memoir, by "E. A. T.," of "Alexander Heriot Mackonochie," edited by Edward Francis Russell, M.A., of St. Alban's, Holborn. A perusal of the volume will tend to inspire respect for Mr. Mackonochie's character, and will enable any one to understand and appreciate the devotion and affection he aroused in those who were immediately connected with the religious activities of his life. Still we have not very much of the *intime*. Mr. Mackonochie was extremely reticent about himself, and trusted little to the insecure privacy of a journal. As Mr. Russell remarks, "English reserve counts spiritual confidences almost an indelicacy, almost a failure in manliness. It is our pride to exhibit under all conditions an appearance of complete impassiveness. Mackonochie said very little about the things which were most often in his thoughts, and the finely sculptured mask of his face betrayed as little that which lay hid beneath it." There was a certain amount of large-minded charity in the man. This feature comes out in the following extract from his correspondence:—"I often think in those lives which seem to be left so much to themselves, and the light of nature, there may be manifold operations of the Holy Spirit working out the implanted life of Christ in ways none the less real, though unseen by us, and perhaps realised by Him. Then the Passage through the Veil would be a marvellous opening out of instincts, suggestions, hopes, of movements of the soul hitherto unintelligible; it would be a reading into sense of voices heard in the soul, but as yet not comprehended, an interpreting in fact of the enigmas of life." The author of the Memoir, whose identity is hidden behind initials on the title-page, is Mrs. Charles Towle, daughter of Sir Henry Taylor, and she has made judicious use of the material placed at her disposal by friends and relatives of the deceased.

Conservative and Unionist writers, speakers, and loyal politicians generally will find a most useful compilation of facts and arguments in Mr. W. H. Meredith's "The Brief for the Government, 1886-90." The writer shows what a large amount of practical good work the present Ministry have accomplished since they have been in office. The frontier of India has been systematically strengthened since 1886. Great progress was made towards the federation of the Colonial Empire with the Mother Country in 1887, and between the Australasian Colonies in 1889, which formed the subject of discussion at the Melbourne Conference during the early part of February, 1890. Great Britain has nearly recovered that prestige which Mr. Gladstone dissipated during his term of office—a prestige which is worth fifty thousand troops and half-a-dozen Nile Expeditions. There are, moreover, three achievements of which any Administration might justly be proud: the conversion of the Three per Cent. Stock, the provision of a powerful and adequate Navy, and the construction of a uniform and representative system of county government. The record of the Opposition is of most unsatisfactory promise for the stability of affairs if popular misjudgment should give them control of the country's policy. In this connection it is interesting to note that in the constituencies where there have been by-elections, while Unionists and Conservatives polled in 1885 198,483, during 1886 to 1890 they polled 200,583—or 2,100 more. The Gladstonians polled 15,002 less. Altogether there is plain reason for believing that the country still refuses to endorse Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy.

Mr. Harry Furniss has illustrated a comic version of "The Adventures of St. George," by Mr. F. M. Allen. The work is entitled "Brayhard: the Strange Adventures of One Ass and Seven Champions" (Ward and Downey). The fun, perhaps, is of a kind more likely to captivate youth than maturity, though here and there older people may be able to enter into the humour of the thing. The Giant in the story, Tom Smith, is a good-natured person, who is immensely tickled both by the impudence and the diminutive size of the Champions. "The Giant now held the Champion of England between his forefinger and his thumb, and lifting his hand high in the air, examined him critically by the increasing light of the moon. Poor George felt quite giddy, for it seemed to him that he was at least a hundred feet from the ground, and the Giant's thumb was a very awkward-looking affair." George explained to the Giant that his mission is to kill somebody or something out of the common. "Poor me!" sighed the Giant. "And why seek to kill me personally? I am a perfectly simple, harmless creature—a respectable married Giant with a wife and a small family. I am a teetotaler, a vegetarian, and a member of my own anti-tobacco league. I am neither a vivisector, nor a politician, an emperor, nor a personal paragraph-writer. Why seek to exterminate me?" Failing to find a satisfactory answer, George makes friends with the Giant. Some of the conversations between the Giant and the other Six Champions are humorously conceived, and probably "Brayhard," with the assistance of Mr. Harry Furniss, will achieve a certain popularity.

Messrs. Vizetelly have reprinted "Daphnis and Chloe," a pastoral romance, translated from the Greek of Longus. The present edition is largely based on the third English version by the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, published in 1803, and is illustrated with copper-plate engravings after designs by Prudhon, Baron Gérard, and Philippe d'Orléans, Regent of France.—We have also received the Rev. L. A. Pooler's "A Short History of the Church of Ireland" (Charles W. Olley, Belfast); Mr. P. F. FitzGerald's "A Protest Against Agnosticism" (Kegan Paul); and "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London, 1890" (Sampson Low), which gives the objects, date of formation, office, income, expenditure, invested funds, bankers, treasurers, and secretaries of over a thousand charitable institutions.

THE RIDE OF

HEREWARD

THE WAKE

AND HIS MARE SWALLOW

RERIDDEN BY THE SKIPPER WITHOUT "THE BOY."



AOI

(THE old wild battle cry with which the writer of the "Song of Roland" ends every paragraph, and which still survives in the "Ship ahoy!" of the sailors, but as a war cry has given place to our "Hurrah!") "I am Hereward the Wake, the Berserker, the brain-bewer, the land-thief, the sea-thief, the feeder of ravens. Aoi! come kite! Aoi! come wolf! Aoi! comeerne from off the fen!" So sang Hereward, the last of the English, Lord of Bourne and Deeping, whose celebrated ride from Ely round Cambridge, and back to Ely, "The Skipper" proposes to delineate with pencil and pen from sketches and

notes made while re-riding it on a Humber tricycle. "Art is long and time is fleeting," so, to make the most of a short holiday, "The Skipper" trained from St. Pancras to Ely one evening, and the next morning started over muddy roads to follow "The Wake's" route as given by the incisive pen of Charles Kingsley in his "Hereward the Wake."



in flint and stone, in Norfolk fashion. Soham abounds in paintable thatched cottages. From here to Fordham the country becomes more open—of a wold character—no hedges to the road, and large tracts of cornfields, now yellow stubble, and flecked with white geese. The road from here on to Freckenham and Worlington became awful—mere loose gravel-heaps—in spite of the heavy rains had improved Here Here-



Went across the river to Soham.

ward crossed the Lark, presumably by a ford ("The S." over a bridge by the Flour Mills), and before entering Mildenhall he met a potter carrying pots on a pony, who objected to parting with his pots at Hereward's behest, preferring to fight for them. Hereward twisted his staff out of his hand, and therewith knocked the potter down, recompensing him with a silver penny for his pots and his coat, required as a disguise, and went on through Mildenhall, crying "Pots! pots! good pots and pans!" but when he got through Mildenhall, and well into the rabbit-warrens, he went over the heath so fast that his pots danced such a dance as broke half of them before he got to Brandon.

"The Skipper" was not in such haste as "The Wake," so he did not break either pot or "crook," but pulled up in Mildenhall to attend to the inner man;



and crossed the Lark at Mildenhall.

at the Bell (I think) immediately opposite the church—an inn which he can recommend to the tourist on wheels or otherwise.

At Mildenhall is a quaint market cross—as to roofing, sheet lead; and as to timbering, carved oak.

Leaving here the next morning with, of course, a head wind, and over roads of which he has discoursed before, and on which he will not further enlarge, "The S." went on to Brandon, through Eriswell and Wangford, deferring sketching until the return journey, hoping (not like the old woman walking to market with a head wind that, please God, the wind would change before she came back), but that



Went down to Fordham.



Taken heath

and well into the rabbit warrens



Wangford

Hereward, with his wife Torfrida and his followers, being surrounded by William in Ely after the first battle of Aldreth, in which Hereward was victorious, and they being without news from the outside world, Hereward, in spite of his followers, who wished to go in his stead, decided to go to Weeting Castle, Brandon, and spy out the intentions of the Conqueror. Torfrida cropped his golden locks, his golden beard, and wept as she cropped them, and he put on filthy garments, and, taking his celebrated mare Swallow with him, "got into a barge, and crossed the river to Soham."

The Skipper did not cross the river, but rode out of Ely by the front of the Cathedral, and, diving under Soham Causeway, over decent is a small Norman chapel. From Cathedral, but as Hereward would having his back to it, "the S." home run. On from here along

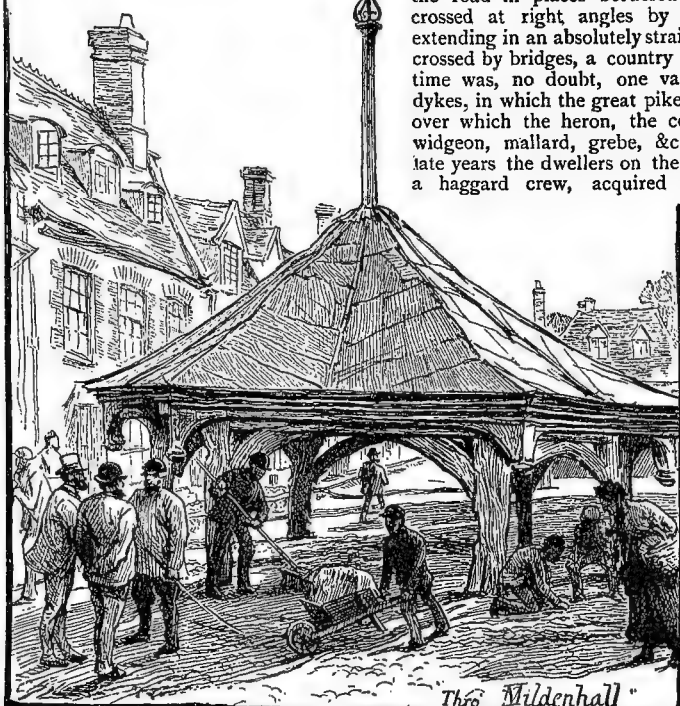
the river, but rode out of Ely by the front of the railway bridge by the station, rode along roads, for about two miles to Stuntney, where Stuntney Hill there is a fine view of Ely probably not have seen Ely from this point, decided to defer a sketch of Ely until the Causeway, through a fairly wooded country, the road in places bordered by willows and crossed at right angles by long cuts or drains, extending in an absolutely straight line for miles, and crossed by bridges, a country which in Hereward's time was, no doubt, one vast fen intersected by dykes, in which the great pike swam to and fro, and over which the heron, the coot, wild goose, teal, widgeon, mallard, grebe, &c., flew in clouds. In late years the dwellers on the borders of these fens, a haggard crew, acquired the name of "fensludgers," or "yellow-bellies," and the land was so soft that flat boards were nailed on the horses' feet to prevent them from sinking in the soil. After five miles "The S." arrived at Soham, a long, straggling town, with a fine church. Between Ely and Soham was at one time a large mere (1,300 acres) through which there was, until the draining of the fens, a dangerous water passage to Ely. The church is large, cruciform, with a tower (Perpendicular), panelled

the wind would remain in the same quarter.

After blessing the road, the wind, the road surveyor (especially), and like the Scotchman, "swearing at lairge," "The S." reached Brandon, elsewhere mentioned as "the Flinty," and found comfort at the White Hart.

After dinner, the weather being still blowy and rainy, "The S." walked out to Weeting Park, some two miles out of Brandon, to inspect the ruins of Weeting Castle, of which C. K. says: "And he came to Brandon, to 'the King's Court,' from which William could command the streams of Wissey and Lower Ouse, with all their fens, and saw with a curse the new building of Weeting Castle."

Crossed the bridge over the Lower Ouse on to Weeting Park, in which are the ruins of Weeting Castle. The ruins are on an island surrounded by a moat, at "The S.'s" visit dry; enclosing, perhaps, two or three acres of ground, a wilderness of shrubs and trees, and honey-combed by rabbits. A visit to the island was impossible, as at only one point is there a footbridge across the moat, terminating in wicket-gate, with a padlock. The island is so overgrown with trees that the castle could only be sketched at one gap, Hobson's choice, and of this "The S." availed himself, the pheasants meanwhile feeding round him by the score. The ruin seems to be the remains of the keep, one circular arch built of flint, with remains of loopholed turrets, &c. Back to



This Mildenhall



Anglo Saxon Pottery.

Brandon. Next morning again to Mildenhall (the wind had changed capitals). Outside Mildenhall is a curious road, lined with gnarled fir trees, twisting themselves in agony. Back across Wangford Rabbit Warren (*ante*), where "The S." had a chat with the game-keeper, while making his sketch. The "Humber" was so nicely balanced with the luggage that it turned the turtle here by pressure of wind, and had to be righted; "The S.'s" sketches taking to themselves wings at the same time, to the delight of the keeper's retriever, which, however, did not retrieve them.

The warren, here, is guarded on each side of the road by wire-netting, stretched on posts. Wangford, with its low, red-tiled roofs, and peep of grey church through the trees, tells well from the road, with its scores of grey rabbits in the foreground.

On from here to Lakenheath (*ante*). The wind, ah!!! The roads, ditto. "The S." tried sketching. The wind simply played a tune on the edges of the sketch-book. At last, by carefully selecting a stout fir, and the lee side thereof, a sketch was obtained. The firs and poplars bending to the gale, Lakenham Church telling up white in a sudden gleam of sunlight, a cloudy shadow darkening the country in



and he came to Brandon, and saw with a curse, the new buildings of Weeting Castle.

Rech or Devil's Dyke, where no machine, "Humber" or any other, could travel. Before reaching the Dyke, a rain squall broke over the Heath, and a certain amount of doubling was necessitated, which, as "The Skipper" is not in his teens, meant bellows to mend. However, the rain only just won on the post, and no harm was done, and "The S." reached a cottage at the extremity, where the harmless ginger-beer was vended, and this being purchased but not imbibed, "The S." watched the squall eddying over the Heath, and antics of a herd of Welsh ponies, which, blinded and dazed by the rain in their faces, exe-



Barton

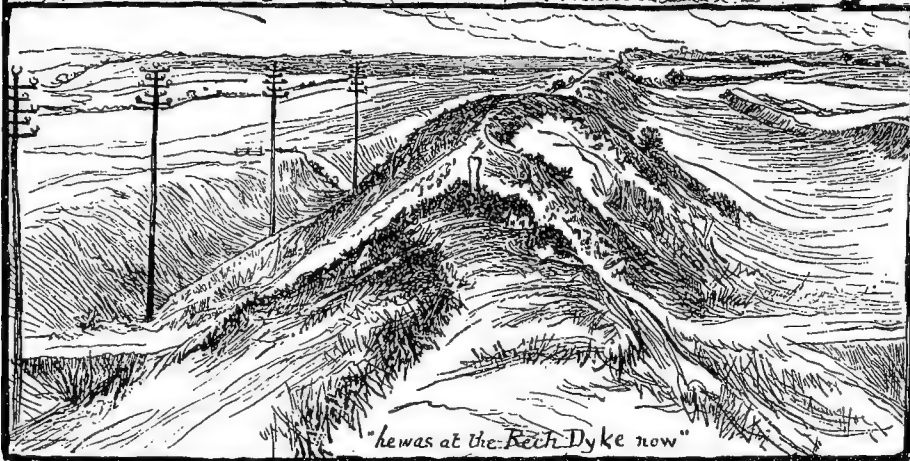
cut unrehearsed cavalry manoeuvres over the turf, to the disgust of their drivers, who whipped after them, and the whole disappeared in the squall-haze, and "The S." saw them no more.

The Skipper, after making friends with a youngster in the throes of hooping-cough, and giving its mother a prescription therefor, started off to sketch the Rech Dyke, under whose shadow the cottage lies. The Rech Dyke crossing Newmarket Heath and the Four-Mile Course extends from the fens at

Reach, or Rech, bordering on the Cam, to the woodlands at Camois Hall, near Wood Ditton. Some gaps in it permitted ancient roads (the Icknield Way and others) to pass. The ditch



he gathered the mare together as he rose the slope of Kennet Heath



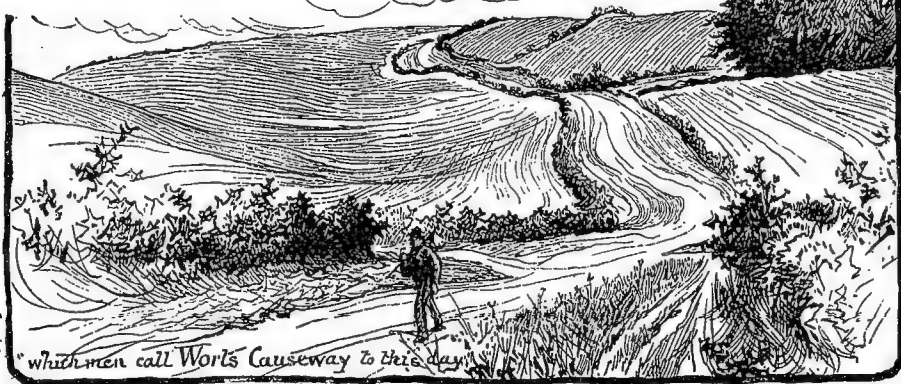
he was at the Rech Dyke now

front, and to show the force of the head-wind, the keeper in his velveteen coat, with his black retriever again to the fore, having, by some short cut, doubled on the "Humber."

For Hereward's adventures and escape from Weeting, see Kingsley, but when he, and "The S." also, reached Mildenhall, through Eriswell, he began to consider how he should get home to Ely. "The ports and ferries to the east of the Isle, as far south as Cambridge, would be guarded, a single mistake might pound him among morasses, and force him to leave the mare behind. No, mare Swallow for her own sake must do a deed that day.

"He would go south by the Roman Road. He would go right round the Fens; round Cambridge itself." And, of course, "The S." could only humbly follow in his track.

From the Bell at Mildenhall, in the morning "The S." followed "The Wake." Over the bridge again at Mildenhall, swing round to the left and away to Barton Mills, to the right again and by Barton Church, towards Kennet and Newmarket. Again through long fir plantations and over bad roads, then a turn to the left to Kennet, where "C. K." says, "He gathered the mare together as he rose the slopes of



which men call Worts Causeway to this day



C.T. STANILAND.

"till on the top of the Gogmagog, he struck the Old Roman Road"

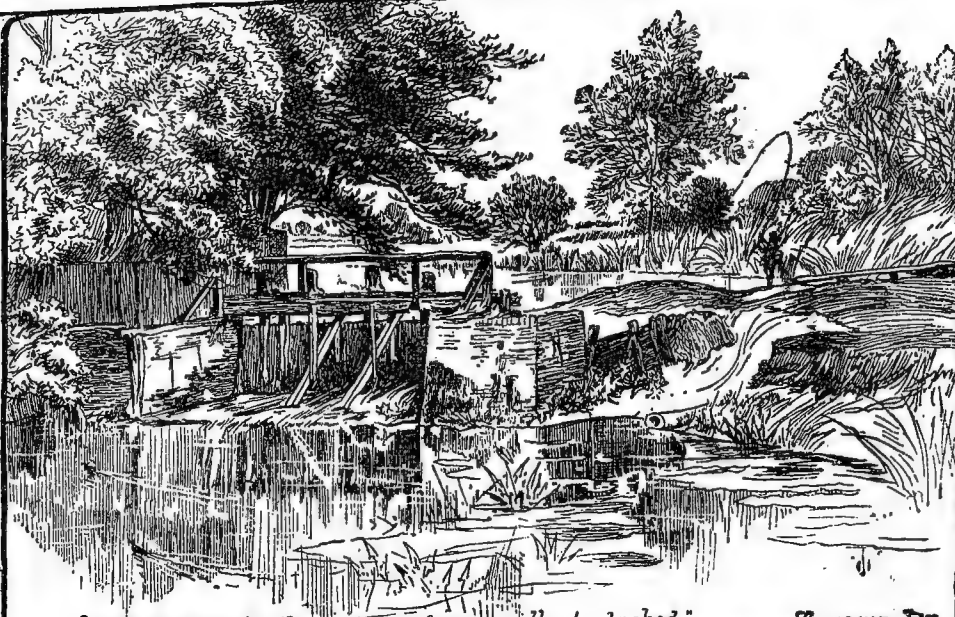
Kennet Heath. His pursuers were two miles behind; black dots among the barrows on Barton Heath. On by Newmarket Heath—nameless and desert then—over smooth chalk turf." Hold hard, "The S." is getting ahead. As a matter-of-fact he pulled up at Newmarket, being hungry withal, and halted at the hostelry yecept the White Hart. Here after ordering dinner, the quiet was disturbed by the advent of a circus to the town, elephants, Cowboys (imitation), Deadwood coach (ditto), Red Indians (ditto), excited the Newmarketonians, and fooled them to the top of their bent.

Then came dinner, and a rest in the smoking-room, and a walk out to the Heath, and over the

as a defence against people of the interior. Their age is uncertain. It is sometimes called "St. Edmund's Dyke," as it marked the limit of St. Edmund's halidome from the time of Cnut.

To return to Hereward. "He was at the Rech Dyke now, and warily he looked eastward, as he led the mare up the steep bank, for French scouts between him and the Ferry, but none were in sight. He sprang hastily into the saddle, he held on over the Fleam Dyke," and so did "The S." the next morning, after getting a wetting walking back to his inn, and after tea hearing in the coffee-room the prattle of a small jockey in Dawson's stable, recounting his stable-life to his father, come to see him from Birmingham.

"The S." started for Cambridge the next morning over the Heath, through the Rech Dyke, with bad, muddy roads and head-wind, took the wrong road—through trusting to natives—and instead of making Fleam Dyke and Six-Mile Bottom, found himself at Bottisham, and rode through stony, rutty cross-roads and heavy rain to Six-Mile Bottom, and took shelter in the public-house by the railway-station; and after a couple of hours' waiting for it to clear, rushed the machine out of its shed and made for the station, and trained it into Cambridge to the Blue Boar, where "The S." dined and spent a pleasant evening with a young Australian, a student at one of the colleges. The Y. A. had no sympathy with cycles, being a horsey man. "The S." found that after all the rain had been a mercy, as the route laid out the day before by the Fleam Dyke and over the Gog Magog was utterly impracticable for a cycle; so he determined to leave the tri in its stable, and do this portion of the route on Shanks's mare.



"Into the ford—by Chaucer's after famous mill—he dashed"

to his left some mile and a-half, and that Cambridge (and "The S.'s" dinner) lay to the right, he felt kinder a leanin' to Cambridge and the right: and made for the Blue Boar, getting a soaking from a thunder squall before he arrived.

Next morning was fine and sunny, and hey for Trumpington and Grandchester, en route to Coton, Madingley, and Holywell. The roads were rather sticky after the rain, but no wind, head, or otherwise, and "the S." felt good, rode through Trumpington on to Grandchester; he feels doubtful as to whether the reputed site of Chaucer's Mill is in Trumpington or Grandchester, the natives did not agree (they don't, as a rule); however, he rode on to a mill, and inquired as to the site of "C.'s M."

It was pointed out to him across some meadows, and (the miller kindly allowing him to stable his horse) he

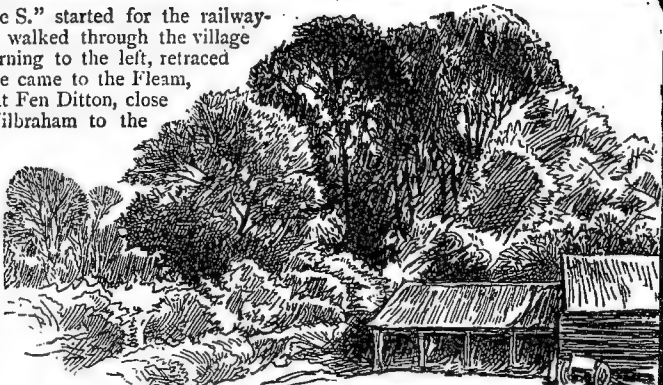


and away for Coton

The morning was sunny, so "The S." started for the railway station, took train to Fulbourn, and walked through the village on to the Newmarket Road, and, turning to the left, retraced his steps towards Newmarket, until he came to the Fleam, or Balsham Dyke. This dyke begins at Fen Ditton, close to the Cam, and runs by Great Wilbraham to the neighbourhood of Balsham.

Hereward "held on over the Fleam Dyke, but feared to turn downwards into the Cambridge flats, and kept his vantage-ground upon the downs, till, on the top of the Gog Magog, he struck the old Roman Road which men call 'Wort's Causeway' to this day."

"The Skipper," on striking the Fleam Dyke through a cutting in which the Cambridge road runs, turned in at a gateway, and in a comfortable corner, under a hedge, sitting on a waterproof, made his sketch, and then retracing his steps into the road, made towards Cambridge, the Gog Magog, and Wort's Causeway. After walking some two miles, "The S." came to a turning on the right by a "malting" native for malt-house, and, wheeling to the right, came into a road, or mass of cart ruts, which, after turning and twisting round the hedgerows, finally lost itself in a field. Didn't "The Skipper" bless himself that he had not the "tri" with him?—he would have had to carry it instead of being carried. Crossing the field, and eventually reaching some cottages, "The S." hailed a small kiddy, who was evidently not in the habit of being hailed by a stranger, and incontinently bolted; however, by cutting through the cottage garden and out at another gate the small boy was brought to bay, as he was sneaking round the hedge, and to our inquiries as to route, "He didn't know." A knock at the cottage door produced his maternal parent, and by tracking across some fields, following her directions, "The S." struck the Roman Road which runs for some two miles in a straight line, as a grass drove with deep cart tracks, making even walking irksome, until it takes a twist to the right, and, as "Wort's Cau-eway," leads down across another road to the little hamlet of Trumpington. The Gog Magog Hills are an offshoot from the chalk range, and would scarcely, save in Cambridgeshire, be distinguished as hills at all. The name is said to be a corruption of Hog Magog, which Gale interprets "Hoog macht," quod altum robur significat. The camp on the summit of the hills is known as Vandlebury or Wandlebury. It crowns a hill which slopes towards the S. and W., and is no doubt of British origin, though the coins which have been found there prove that it must have been early occupied by the Romans,



and Madingley

walked some quarter of a mile by the banks of the stream, until he came to the spot depicted in No. 14. It is evidently the site of an old



on towards the Drayton Dry Drayton



Fen Stanton

mill, as the foundations can be seen under water in the foreground; that it is the site of Chaucer's Mill "The S." will not take his alfy davy. But it was a pretty spot, and "The S." wondered that some of our landscape men do not cycle

afield to "fresh woods and pastures new," instead of the eternal Southwold New Quay, Arundel, &c., &c., of their yearly round, which, it is repeat until the Exhibitions are filled with them *ad nauseam*. "The Skipper" has seen enough new material on his few trips to keep the landscapists going for half-a-century. But they won't go.

The sketch finished, and the "Humber" reclaimed from the kindly miller, "the S." crossed the

bridge and away for Coton, the roads decent and dry, the day lovely, in fact, for enjoyment this was the day of the whole trip, no broken luggage-carrier, no rain, dust, or wind, and a perfectly charming country, flat, hilly, woody, and watery, in swift succession, and for the cyclist, the pedestrian, or the man owning that badge of gentility, a pony-carriage, "The S." can confidently recommend this stage as thoroughly enjoyable. An old couple were met who with their horse and trap were in the habit of taking their summer-holiday à la "Adventures of a Phaeton," doing their twenty miles or so a day, and taking their ease in their inn at the finish, and evidently extracting the full benefit of a most rational enjoyment. Coton is situated under a hill by a stream, and is almost hidden in trees, the spire of its church just topping them; on the top of the hill is Madingley Mill, of which "C. K." says, "Perhaps he (William) rode up to Madingley Windmill, and saw, fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed nought but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees, and between him and them a rich champaign of



Een Drayton



and the ferry over the Ouse at Holywell

"The Wake" was, of course, too wise to go through Cambridge Street under the eyes of the French garrison. "But he saw that the Roman Road led straight to a hamlet some mile above the town, and at the road end he guessed there must be either a bridge or ford. There he could cross the Cam. Into the ford, by Chaucer's after-famous mill, he dashed, making more splash than ever did geese in Shelford Fen, and out again and on to the clay wold and away for Coton and Madingley Rise, and the black wall of oak, and ash, and elm." When "The Skipper" reached Trumpington and inquired for the site of Chaucer's Mill, and found that it lay



Holywell from road to ferry

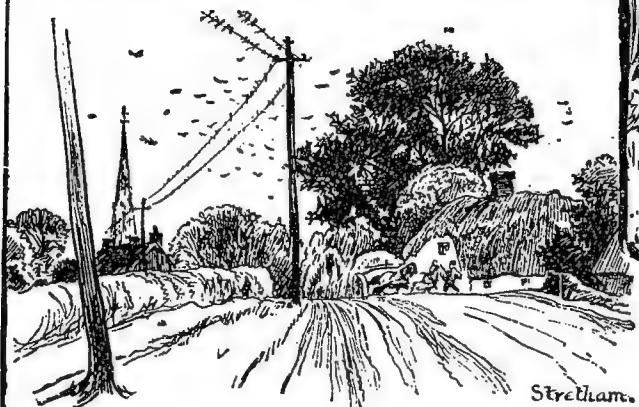
grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe, and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, and Haddenham Fen and Smithy Fen, with the deep, sullen West-Water, or 'Old-Reche,' of the Ouse winding through them."

From Coton, turning to the right and sweeping round the base of the windmill-hill by a very pretty road, rather hilly, but good surface, "The S." reached Madingley. Madingley is so evidently the remains of the "black wall of oak, ash, and elm," the old forest entered by of 'a Wake! a Wake!' which was heard, for aught he cared, in Cambridge Castle, and well he knew that they who could not catch 'The Wake' in the field were less like to catch him in the wood."

The Madingley sketch is a bit on the outskirts of Madingley Park. Along middling roads, with a certain percentage of loose stones of the half-quartern-loaf type, to Dry Drayton, the church embedded in trees, a further relic of the Madingley Forest. After sketching the church, "The S." intended to make for Lolworth, and from there strike the main road from Cambridge to St. Ives. But an intelligent (!) native told us that the road from Dry Drayton



to Lolworth was impassable for the machine, in fact, a mere grass drove with cart ruts; and advised "The S." to strike off to the right, and, missing Lolworth, get into the main road at once. This proved good advice, and once there, he found a good straight road of some six or seven miles, until he came to the cross road, leading down by the milestone. Coming to a halt here, "The S." sat in the



was), full of ruts, stones, &c., and making a short halt by the roadside to sketch Fen Drayton lying back in a clump of trees to the right, turned again to the left for Holywell Ferry. On the way the rain again came down, necessitating a spurt (?) over ruts, &c., of about two miles an hour. Arrived at the ferry "The S." had to exercise his patience (in the rain) until the ferryman heard his frantic shouts and brought over his cumbrous ferry. This is hauled backwards and forwards by a chain running through sheaves and pulleys on the side rails, and takes horses and waggons across. By the time "The



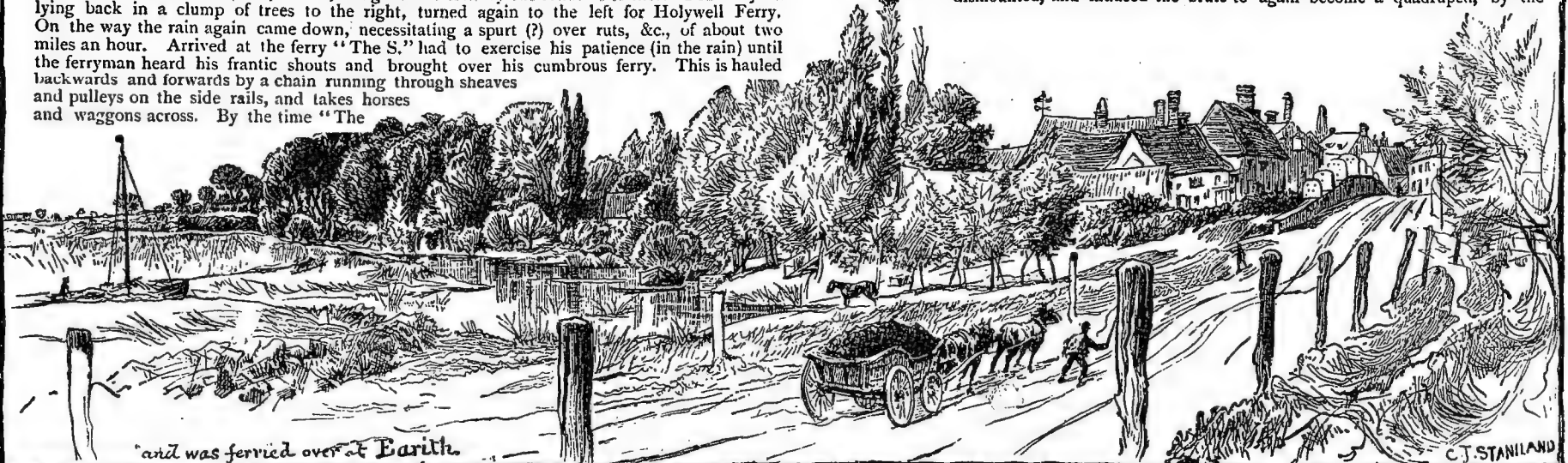
saddle and enjoyed a pipe while a sketch of Fen Stanton, across the fields with its peculiar spired church, was made. Then turning down the cross road (and marvellous road it

Holywell seems, as a village, to be at the back of the world. Never had "The S." seen such dilapidated cottages, sheds, &c., the yellow-grey mud-walls were dropping in flakes from their framing, the thatches were rotting and peeling away from the rafters, mud and mildew, damp and dreariness, rust and rottenness, seemed to have got the upper hand, and it seemed to be no man's business to deprive them of their foul pre-eminence. Judging from the look of



things generally, agree, in all its varied forms and terms, seemed to have marked it for its own, and it should be a good investment to open a shop with good blends of quinine and laudanum, the latter of which is consumed in large quantities, enough to kill a horse, by all the fen-dwellers, fen-sloggers, and other inhabitants of these watery flats.

Back to St. Ives, a football match on the road keeping "The Skipper" longer than was wise in the raw, chilly air. Next morning "The S." started for the home run to Ely, "the Camp of Refuge." Through Needingworth and Bluntisham, near which was a jolly old mill (why are most mills so sketchable and beloved of artists?), and away through the long, straggling town of Earith. On the road here a pony drawing a chaise and two very pretty girls—ahem!—took a decided aversion to either "The Skipper" or the machine—"The S." thinks it was the machine; the very pretty girl whipped and chirruped—to the pony, not the Skipper—but the pony preferred going on two legs, although a quadruped, and, with his other two pawing the air, declined to proceed. "The Skipper" drew up to one side of the road, dismounted, and induced the brute to again become a quadruped, by the



S." reached the other side the rain had ceased, and it became a question whether he should return to the other shore, and make sketches of the ferry, &c., which had previously been rendered impossible by the rain, or go on to St. Ives, some four miles by the road, and obtain a lining for the inner man, which was much needed, and return the next morning to complete the route. On finding from the ferryman that there was a footway from St. Ives to Holywell, which reduced the distance to about two miles, the dinner carried the day, and "The S." made tracks for St. Ives, the weather and the roads being wet and heavy, more or less, all the way, and he arrived at St. Ives (which is not in the programme, but is a handy place, a little off the route, at which to stay the night).

After a good night's rest, and with dry clothes, "The S." made a start back to obtain the sketches missed on the previous day. After due consideration of the bad state of the roads, and the much shorter distance of the footway across the fields, he elected to give his poor tired steed a rest in its stable and started across the fields on foot, crossed the ferry, and made for Fen Drayton, rather a picturesque village, with some half-timbered and thatched cottages. Returning, and taking a seat on a five-barred gate to the left of the road, he obtained a good view, rather quaint, of Holywell village seen across the fields, with its ragged poplars, its parsonage and church; the scarecrow was not—but "The S." won't reveal the secrets of the prison house. It makes a good bit of colour on the foreground, anyhow. "The S." strolled back along the road, driving before him, as he went, flocks of finches and sparrows, and other small deer, who seemed to think him on murderous thoughts intent, and flew out of the hedge in a cloud, with a startling whirr, to settle a few yards further on and repeat the performance. With the silent wheels of the cycle, on the contrary, one can creep up to the birds and animals, and watch them without disturbance, and "The S." has more than once come up to and nearly run over pheasants and partridges and their chicks, sunning themselves, and having a dust bath in the deep ruts of country roads. On to the ferry, where a convenient fence, at a convenient point of view, gave the Skipper a seat, and the sketch.



simple method of hanging on to his bit, and of course, with profuse apologies to the very pretty girls, led him by the fearful monster—the tri—and went on his way with the consciousness of having performed a good action. A carping friend says, supposing the very pretty girls had been two dragons. Bah!

As to Hereward. "And so through the forest," says the chronicler, "by a clear moonlight he came in the morning to the Isle Somersham, which was then all deep wood, as the names of Woodhurst and Somersham Parks still testify, and was ferried over at Earith by one of his many friends into the Isle of Ely."

"The Skipper" kept on through Earith and over the bridge, where two roads presented themselves, one sharp to the left, which looked loose and stony, the other straight; no one in sight of whom to make inquiries as to the quality of the road—the map gave the direction. So "The S." settled himself on a rail (which was hard), and proceeded to make sketch, and a very pretty bit of river scenery it was, with its grey pollard willows, its poplars, elms, and red-tiled roofs of houses, cottages, and malt-houses; handicapped though it was by its hideous iron-bridge, looking like a series of Brobdignagian tombstones set up in a row, and a few rivets driven through them for ornament. The posts by the roadside are useful and not very ornamental, being whitewashed, with black pitched tops, and the lower portion thereof worn away by the wash of the water. Their mission is the marking out of the road, when the waters are out, so that no unlucky horseman (already up to his horse's girths) may suddenly find himself up to his eyes in the dikes bordering the road. The water crossed by the bridge is the River Ouse. In no part of the world (except in Holland) has more industry and skill been displayed in reclaiming and preserving the soil than in Lincolnshire and the districts of the Great Bedford Level.

A curious notice of the Fen Country, near Cambridge, as it was in 1821, is preserved in the "Autobiographic Recollections" of the late Professor Pryme. He says:—"At the first Board meeting after I was elected a Conservator (of the Bedford Level Corporation) we made a voyage by the River Ouse, from Ely and Littleport. It was ten miles in length,

(Continued on page 266)



A POPULAR LONDON SPECTACLE—CHANGING GUARD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE
FROM THE DRAWING BY H. GILLARD GLINDONI

THE GRAPHIC

266

whereas the road by land was only five miles. The tract through which we passed, called The Padnals, was one swamp, on which there was no building, except two cottages, for the foundation of which earth had been carried thither in boats; and the inhabitants of them gained their livelihood, as many others did at that time, by catching fish in the summer, and wild fowl in the winter."

On one occasion a poor man, witness in Court, being asked what he was, said "A banker."

The judge said, "We cannot have any absurdity." The man replied, "I am a banker, my lord." He was the man who repaired the banks of the dikes.

The sketch of Earith Bridge finished, and a butcher in his cart, drawn by a trotting pony, coming by, "The S." interviewed him as to the two routes to Ely. The route by Sutton was the nearer, but the surface loose stones; that by Haddenham Causeway, through Haddenham, the best surface. Well, the butcher may have been truthful—we believe from subsequent inquiries he was—but if the Sutton road was worse than the road through Haddenham Fen!

The Skipper went on over the good (?) surface, stiles and brick-bats, seeing Sutton rearing itself up on a hill to the left, passing one or two lonely farmhouses, islands in a dreary evel waste of fen. At one house an old fenman entered into conversation with the Skipper, and nothing would suit him but every part of the machine must be explained to him, including bell and cyclometer. He asked where "The S." was bound, and expressed his astonishment when, in answer to his question, "You won't get there to-night?" "The S." said "Yes." It was only some twelve or fifteen miles! In return for our cyclical information, the old man pointed out to us the interesting points on the wide horizon of flat fen-land, including Aldreth, where the two famous battles were fought. They were burning the fen between us and Aldreth, and made "The S." the think of Kingsley's description of the second battle, and the burning of the reeds by Torfrida's orders. "On came the flame, leaping and crackling, laughing and shrieking like a live fiend. The archers and slingers in the boats covered before it, and fell, scorched corpses, as it swept on."

The land between us and Aldreth seemed in a haze of smoke, dotted with fires where the weeds were being burnt, and through it a row of poplars and a few roofs, where stood Aldreth, and one wondered how many skeletons, in their armour, weapons, &c., were lying buried in the rich peat, under the smiling green surface.

"The Skipper" rode on, and through Haddenham, Strettham, and Thetford, reached Ely again, after making a sketch of it from the road some mile and a-half out.

The boundaries of the true isle (which Bede describes as a land of six hundred families) beginning at Earith Bridge, run by Sutton, Mepal, Witcham, and Downham, to Littleport. Thence returning to Ely, it proceeds by Strettham and Aldreth to Earith. These limits embrace the old high ground, which rose above the marshes, and to which the only entrances were at Earith, at Aldreth, at Stotney Bridge, close to Ely, and at Littleport.

After the French, by the treachery of the monks, had possessed themselves of the island, during Hereward's absence, Torfrida succeeded in making her escape, having disguised herself and child in boy's clothes, saddled Swallow, and ridden for her life, to meet and warn Hereward. Hereward was for going on and dying, on the chance that he might kill a few Frenchmen before he died, but Torfrida persuaded him to flee.

"We will go to the boats, men," said Hereward.

"Where shall we stow the mare?" asked Geri? "The boats are full already."

"Leave her to me. On board, Torfrida." He got on board last, leading the mare by the bridle. "Swim, good lass!" said he, as they pushed off. Hereward turned, and bent over the side in the darkness. There was a strange gurgle, a splash, and a swirl. He turned round, and sat upright again. They rowed on.

"That mare will never swim all the way to Well," said one.

"She will not need it," said Hereward.

"Why," said Torfrida, "she's loose. What is this in your hand? Your dagger? And wet?"

"Mare Swallow is at the bottom of the reach. Do you think I would let a cursed Frenchman—ay, even William's self—say that he had ridden Hereward's mare?"

And so mare Swallow's bones lie somewhere in the Peat, until this day.

The next morning, "The Skipper" took the train back to St. Pancras, and so ended the holiday.

C. T. STANILAND, R.L., C.T.C.



Messrs. Reid Bros.—Two plaintive ballads of the affections, written and composed by Walter T. Wadham, are, "Will It Ever Be?" and "A Sprig of Forget-Me-Not;" both are of medium compass, and tuneful enough to please the general public.—Of the same tender type as the above is "The Beacon of Love," words by "M. H. P.," music by Frank J. Horton.—A pleasing reminiscence of a sojourn at the Isle of Wight is "Carisbrooke," words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Gerard F. Cobb.—An instrument which is steadily making way in public favour is the Italian mandoline; unfortunately, like the banjo and other of its kindred, amateurs who would not venture to tackle the violin holdily attack the mandoline without any knowledge of its intricacies, and the result is much torture to all within hearing of the player. "The Mandoline Tutor," by the experienced teacher and performer, J. F. Carl Abelspies, is well worthy the attention of all who wish to excel on this instrument. Part I. is devoted to the rudiments of music; Part II. describes the structure of the mandoline, tuning, &c.; Part III. treats of the practical study of the mandoline, with exercises; Part IV. the positions, scales, and exercises, embellishments, shakes, and turns, finishing up with a *duettino concertante*.—For fairly advanced students J. F. C. Abelspies has composed and arranged a series of pieces for mandolines or violins and pianoforte (guitar *ad lib.*); No. IV., "Meditation," is a very graceful serenade.

—By the above-named composer is "In Froher Laune," a polka mazurka for the guitar, solo or duet.—Nos. 12 and 13 of Reid Bros. "Museum of Violin and Piano Duets" are, "Berceuse" (violin or cello), by G. P. Haddock, a very melodious composition, and "Rustic Wedding March," by H. Bayman, a quaint *morceau*.—A simple and taking pianoforte duet is "The Pioneers," by Arthur Graham; this piece will be popular in the schoolroom.—"The Xylophone Polka," by Gina Bartle, is but a medium specimen of its school, but will pass muster in the ball room, especially when played by a good band.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In readiness for the approaching Harvest Festivals we have a very good group of "Introits, Graduals, and Alleluias, to be Used at the Celebration of the Holy Communion," set to music by Edward Sutton (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—The current number of "Standard Orchestral Works" (The Concert Edition) is Beethoven's "Overture to *Fidelio*."—"The Hurly-Burly Quadrilles," by S. V. Balfour, will not do much for the reputation of their composer (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—One of the best waltzes of the season is "The Royal Duchess," by Robini; it will take a good place in the ball programmes of the coming country festivities (Charles Woolhouse).—Spirited and dashing, as its name would suggest, is "Le Bal Masqué Valse," by Iago (Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter).—The "Ayesha Valse," by Val Creswick-Pulford, is not up to the mark of his previous dance music compositions, which are really good (Frederick Pitman).—At this season of the year there is usually some new dance introduced, and although its existence is but short it serves to amuse country visitors on the long winter evenings. "The Valse Menuet," music specially composed by H. J. Maule, directions for the performance of the dance by R. M. Crompton, is the latest novelty. We commend this new dance to the attention of principals of schools, as if correctly executed it will produce a good effect at a Christmas breaking-up party (Messrs. Willcocks and Co.).

SCIENCE AND ART MUSEUM, DUBLIN

DURING the last four years a magnificent group of buildings has been steadily rising towards completion in Dublin, between Kildare Street and Upper Merrion Street. On Friday, August 29th, they were publicly opened by the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Zetland. The various structures which compose this noble group of buildings are arranged round the fine old mansion which forms the house of the Royal Dublin Society, and the architects,



THE NEW SCIENCE AND ART MUSEUM, DUBLIN, OPENED LAST WEEK BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT

Sir Thomas Newenham Deane and his son Mr. T. Deane, have made their new buildings accord in style with this mansion, adopting that phase of the Renaissance which Gandon and other eminent Irish architects at the end of the last century developed in the erection of the noble buildings of which Dublin is so justly proud.

In general plan, the new buildings form the north and south sides of an open square, the old building forming the east side, and a screen with stone dome-capped lodges and iron scroll-worked gates forming the west; the *façades* of the new buildings towards the square have as their centres two great rotundas surrounded by open colonnades of the Tuscan order, and these rotundas are flanked on either side by pedimented fronts, rusticated below, and adorned with columns of the Corinthian order above. Towards Kildare Street each building presents a flank adorned, like the ends, with Corinthian columns and entablatures, enclosing semi-circular-headed windows, with stone balustrades connecting the plinths. The basement-story is rusticated, and pierced with square-headed windows. These various structures will constitute a large public library, to contain over 100,000 volumes, and a series of museums and galleries for scientific and artistic purposes. The well-merited honour of knighthood was conferred upon the architect at the opening of the building.

H. W. B.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

AFTER an interval of thirty-two years since its first visit to Leeds the British Association is again assembled in that town, under the Presidency of Sir F. Abel. His address was delivered at the first general meeting of members on Wednesday evening, and it was a very comprehensive review of recent developments in the application of science. The scope of this annual address is always a matter of public interest, apart from the President's method of treating any particular subject. Sir F. Abel began by paying a tribute to Leeds and its worthies, making very special mention of Joseph Priestley, Congregational minister, and one of the "foremost of successful workers in Science, who, by brilliant powers of experimental investigation, rapidly achieved a series of discoveries which helped largely to dispel the shroud of mystery surrounding the art of alchemy, and to lay the foundation of true chemical science." Proceeding to

sketch his career and work, the President rather forestalled Professor Thorpe, President of the Chemical Section, who, it was known, had selected for the special topic of his address the vindication of Priestley's claims to have made the discoveries which, in a recently published work, M. Berthelot, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, attributes to Lavoisier. But the President did not allude to the controversy raised by M. Berthelot's book, and only took for granted the conclusions which Professor Thorpe established in great detail on the following day.

Sir F. Abel spoke first of the rapid development of telegraphy, and its influence on the progress of science. He described the work of Thompson, Clerk Maxwell, Joule, and Siemens, and then stated the present condition and prospects of electric lighting. English installations had been delayed by legislation designed to protect the public; but, in the long run, the public would gain from the improvements which had been rendered possible by delay. Speaking of telephones, he said that, of the million instruments in use in the whole world, 222,430 were in America, and 99,000 in this country. Speaking of the use of electric power for traction and haulage, he mentioned that in the United States there were 1,641 miles of tram-lines, with 2,346 motor cars running upon them.

He treated at great length of the welding and fusing of metals by the electric and by other competitive processes, describing the peculiarities of each. He then spoke of the production of steel, and the influence upon its physical properties of the introduction of various other metals, with special reference to the problems in gunmaking which depend upon the hardening and tempering of steel. He remarked that the ceaseless, costly competition among nations for supremacy in artillery, in explosives, in quick-firing arms of precision, and in fearful engines which, unseen, could work whole destruction in a fleet, was a competition which taxed to the utmost the resources of manufacturers, chemists, engineers, and electricians. This competition created new industries and expanded old ones, and in this way it promoted material progress which compensated the taxpaying people for the sacrifices they had to incur.

Another topic on which the President enlarged, from his own special knowledge and experience, was the progress recently made in the regulation of the explosive force of gunpowder, and the peculiarities of the different gunpowders which had been produced for rifled artillery and great guns. He explained why some powders were smokeless or nearly so. The explosion of nitro-compounds generated products which consisted of gases and water vapours. Of the products of gunpowder 50 per cent were not gaseous. For smokelessness there was nothing to equal

gun-cotton, but there were difficulties in applying it, and the various efforts to overcome them were described. The accounts published of what had been done with a French smokeless powder were to be largely discounted, but a German gunpowder produced an almost transparent film of smoke, not visible at a distance of 300 yards. In future wars, in the absence of smoke, there would be more accurate firing and more safety under cover. For shells premature ignition of gun-cotton was prevented by damping it, and it was detonated by the agency of fulminate of mercury, or by imbedding a small quantity of dry gun-cotton. In referring to mines the President regretted that naked lights were still used in workings where local accumulations of firedamp occurred from time to time, and said that faulty safety lamps which would not resist strong ventilating currents were rapidly giving place to newer lamps which afforded more protection. After speaking of the precautions taken to prevent explosions in ships and mills, and the improvements which were being made in mineral oil lamps, the President spoke of the petroleum industries of America and Russia, and mentioned that there were deposits of petroleum in Burma, Assam, India, and the West Indies. Natural gas and water-gas having been referred to, some remarks on technical instruction led up to the object with which Sir F. Abel is at present prominently identified, the success of the Imperial Institute, which he believed would increase the power and prosperity of the empire by fostering unity and developing its resources.

The Mediterranean, physical and historical, was the subject of an elaborate address by Lieut.-Colonel Sir R. Lambert Playfair, President of the Geographical Section. He accepted the conclusion that at one time the Mediterranean must have consisted of two enclosed or inland basins like the Dead Sea. He stated that until very recent times piracy had always been the scourge of the Mediterranean; but we were too apt to associate its horrors with the Moors and Turks. Commerce and piracy were often synonymous terms even among the English up to the reign of Elizabeth. The pious Cavendish reported that in his circumnavigation of the globe he burned and spoiled all the villages and towns at which he landed, and he concluded, "The Lord be praised for all His mercies." Although Lord Exmouth in 1816 destroyed the navy of the Algerines, and put an end to piracy and slavery in the Mediterranean, it was reserved for the French to destroy the power of this nest of ruffians by occupying Algiers and defeating the Turkish autocracy. The world owed France no small debt of gratitude for having transformed what was a savage and almost uncultivated country into one of the richest, as well as one of the most beautiful, in the basin of the Mediterranean.

GENERAL EZETA, the new President of San Salvador, is only twenty-seven years old.

"PIDGIN ENGLISH" seems to be springing up in India, after the Chinese fashion. Several recent Bengali publications transform familiar English words into hybrid terms, such as *rebhenu* for *revenue*, *gaid* for *guide*, and so forth.

STUDIOUS TASTES are spreading among the Russian peasantry. The Government of Ekaterinoslav has been petitioned for permission to start village libraries. The proposal is strongly resisted by the St. Petersburg semi-official Press on the ground that it would help to circulate revolutionary literature.

A CARVING IN IVORY of early fourteenth-century work, being a leaf of a diptych, having represented upon it the Saviour upon the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John, has come to light at Cardiff, its value having remained unknown to the possessors. The work is of unusual merit, and has been acquired for the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

TUSSUR

BY A HINDOO

TUSSUR—sometimes spelt Tussore or Tussah—the wild silk produced by a peculiar jungle worm in India, though not equal in fineness to that produced by the mulberry worm, is yet beginning to be more and more sought after in the European markets. It is much used among the Hindoos in most parts of India, especially for ladies' and children's dresses, being worn by them for certain ceremonies and at ablutions. The Tussur worm is found and utilised throughout the Central Provinces, in some districts of Bengal, in Assam, in the hills of the Bombay Presidency, and along the southern slopes of the Himalayas. The Musheris and other aboriginal tribes inhabiting the hills of Central India take an active part in this industry.

In the month of September the cocoons are picked from the trees on which the worms had been placed some four or five months previously—that is, in May. The strongest-looking cocoons are reserved for the next crop, and the rest are sold for silk. The former are placed securely in an earthen jar, the mouth of which is firmly closed with clay. In this state they remain till the hottest days of May next, a period of about eight months. On the day selected for the opening of the jar two poles are fixed upright in the ground at a distance apart, and are connected together at the top by a rope. After sunset the cocoons are hung in a line on this rope. By about midnight, or as soon as the air has had time to cool to some extent, the moths break their shells. Next morning, when the sun is well up, the Musheris picks the females off the rope and places them on a piece of ground purified with river water for the purpose. By midday, when the heat has become intense, the females begin laying their last white eggs, which are about one-tenth of an inch long, with a diameter of rather a shorter length, so as to form an oval. Each female lays from a hundred to two hundred eggs, after which she dies. About three days after they have been laid the eggs burst into small white worms, or caterpillars, like pieces of thread. The Musheris feeds these with picked leaves until they have changed colour from white to green. When the change of colour is complete the worms are distributed with great care among the leaves of the tree selected for the purpose. The worms remain on the tree till the cocoon is fully formed—that is, till September, when the cocoons are picked, and the same process is repeated over again.

The worm that yields Tussur silk has been identified as the caterpillar of *Antheraea paphia*. When wild, it feeds indiscriminately upon the *sal*, the *siddh*, the *baer*, and other forest trees; but in a state of semi-domestication it is largely reared upon the *asan*, which grows conveniently in clumps. In Central India the *asan* is the tree preferred by the indigenous tribes engaged in this industry. When the leaf is off the tree, about the middle of March, the Tussur breeder deems his occupation gone, and he leaves the object of his excessive care to shift for itself, thinking of nothing but his present ease and enjoyment. But with the rains returns his toil. Carefully does he watch the bursting of the cocoon, and much care does he take of its winged inmate, having previously prepared for it a house of teak leaves, dried.

It is during the progress of the worm from the egg to the formation of the cocoon that every energy of the breeder is called into action for the preservation of his charge while feeding on the tree. Every animal, footed, winged, and creeping, is said to be the enemy of the Tussur grub. Ants destroy them, kites and crows prey on them, snakes devour them, and squirrels are said to make a repast of them. To protect them first from their insect enemies, the Tussur-breeder ascends the muddy tree, and carefully clears its branches of the different species of ants by which they may be infested, preventing the access of others by surrounding the trunk of the tree at its foot with ashes. The other enemies are kept off by shouting, throwing stones, firing guns, &c. His life at this time would appear by his own account to be one of the most unrelenting toil, to devote himself to which he forswears not only every indulgence, but every comfort; and it raises the otherwise apathetic Tussur-breeder to eloquence when he recounts what privations he undergoes, of what pleasure he deprives himself, and what incessant labour he incurs while watching the worm and the perfecting of its work. Those who wear the silk manufactured from the Tussur cocoon have no idea of the sentiments of awe with which the worm is reared by the Musheris. One man is specially selected by the house or hamlet for distributing or planting out the worms. This one goes through the ceremony of bathing in a river before he commences to place them, repeating a prayer to the Forest-goddess, to the effect: "O Mother Forest-goddess! behold thou this worm; protecting the cocoon give food to thy servant." Until the cocoon is formed and fit to be picked, he takes no food cooked by any one but himself, and he associates with no other person, not even with his wife. Making daily obeisance to the protecting deity, he performs a special act of worship to her when the cocoon is fit to be picked; and no one is allowed to take a cocoon off the tree until he has picked some himself, and given permission to others. The picking is then commenced in earnest by the whole family or hamlet, and from this day he is free to associate with his brethren.

There are three Tussur harvests in the year: one at the end of the rains, the other two in the cold season. From four to five hundred of the cocoons are sold to the trader or weaver for about two shillings. The fibres of the cocoon are so closely matted together as to form a hard shell, which at first sight looks more like wood than a mass of silk fibres. There is a proverb that a man who voluntarily involves himself in inextricable difficulties is like the Tussur cocoon shut up in its own shell. The strength of the fibre or filament is such that a single thread will support a weight of 198 grains. The animal can remain in the pupa state for an indefinite period, varying from three months to two years. It is converted into a moth while yet in its cocoon, and liberates itself by discharging from its mouth a liquor which dissolves or loosens that part of the cocoon adjoining the cord by which it is attached to the branch, thus making a hole and admitting of the passage of the moth. The solvent property of this liquid is very remarkable. By its action the mass of fibres, which was previously as hard as a piece of wood, becomes as soft and pliant as wetted brown paper.

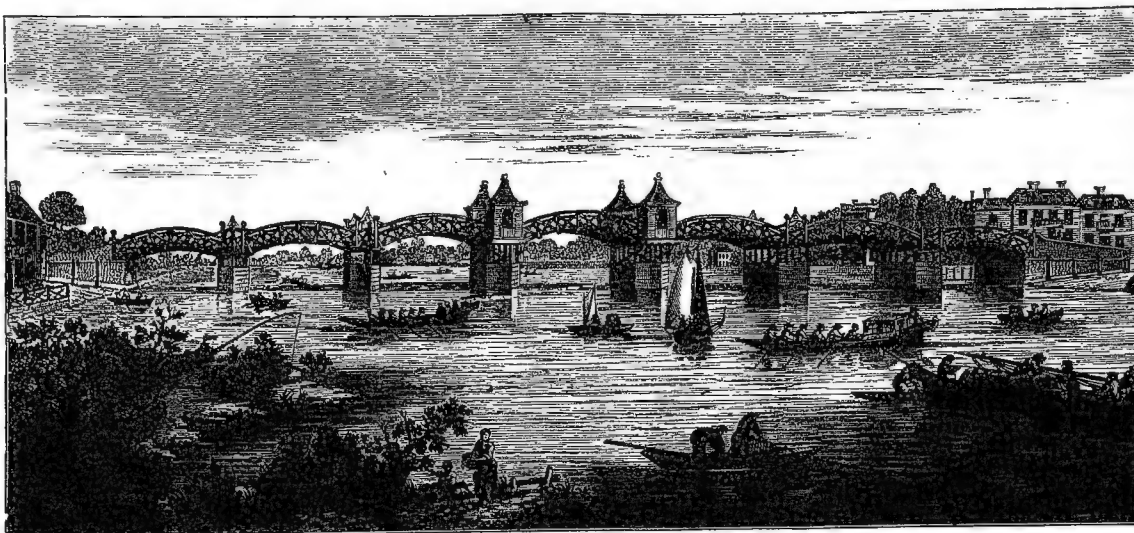
The winding of the silk is accomplished by boiling the cocoons, separating the floss, of which no use is made, and twisting eight or ten filatures from as many cocoons on the middle of the thigh with the left hand of the workman; the twist being wound up on a wooden frame, the middle bar of which is held lightly in the right hand and made to move in a semicircle. An ounce and a quarter of silk is the average daily winding of a single workman, who gets about a penny for winding the silk of a hundred cocoons, his average earnings being about a shilling a day. The only dyes used for Tussur silk

are the flowers of the *Butea frondosa* and turmeric. By the former the usual familiar colour is produced; by the latter golden-yellow is brought out after the threads are stiffened with rice congee. The question has lately been raised by men interested in the trade as to how the production of Tussur silk might be extended. Its extension might be safely left to the tribes of the Central Provinces and other parts of India, who have reared the wild silk with so much success already, and who have been provided by nature with unlimited means for feeding the worm. The only bar to the expansion of this industry would be the destruction of the forests; for, given the forest, there are worms willing to be fed, and hands willing to feed them. It is the most remunerative industry in which the Musheris and other tribes are engaged. Tussur finds a ready market in India, and lately it has been introduced into the European market with some success. That the raw material abounds is certain, but the great difficulty is to obtain the thread in such a state as to be fit for European machine looms.

D. N. D.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT HAMPTON COURT

HAMPTON COURT communicated with the opposite side of the river by means of a ferry. The rights of working this means of transport were by the Crown leased to various individuals, who farmed the revenue arising from the monopoly. In the middle of the eighteenth century James Clarke, the then lessee, obtained an Act of Parliament to enable him to "build a bridge across the Thames at Hampton Court, and to take tolls of horses, carriages, and foot-passengers." This was in 1750. A light wooden structure, of picturesque appearance, as shown in the engraving, was, it is described, "invented and built by Samuel Stevens and Benjamin Ludgator." The names of these ingenious constructors are preserved in a contemporary engraving by Grignon, after a drawing by Heckel, of "A Perspective View of Hampton Court Bridge cross the River of Thames, opened 13 December, 1753." Another view of "the new bridge," as it was called, was painted by Canaletti, and



VIEW OF THE OLD WOODEN BRIDGE AT HAMPTON COURT
Constructed in 1753

published in 1754. In 1800, when Dr. Lysons wrote his historical account of Middlesex, "the property," as regards the rights of the bridge, was vested in Lord Brownlow.

ARTISTIC PUBLICATIONS.—A publication of great interest to all lovers of the Old Masters is the "Classical Picture Gallery," edited by Professor von Reber, Director of the Munich Galleries, with the assistance of Dr. Bayersdorfer, and published in London by H. Grevel and Co. The numbers for July and August each contain a dozen excellent reproductions of the principal works of such artists as Botticelli, Raphael, Velasquez, Watteau, Franz Hals, Rubens, and Michael Angelo. All the principal galleries in England and on the Continent have been laid under contribution, and the masterpieces of the great painters are admirably reproduced in process at so cheap a rate that each number of the "Classical Picture Gallery" is given for one shilling. This collection is by far the best of the cheap editions of copies from the Old Masters.—"Artistic Japan," for July, contains a short essay on "Combs," by Theodore Duret, with quaint illustrations from Japanese works on the toilet. The loose plates include an admirable double plate, "Walk by the Sea," by Hakusai, and eight excellent studies of Japanese subjects.—Walery's "Our Celebrities," for September, are Señor Sarasate, Madame Christine Nilsson, and Colonel North, of nitrate fame. The portraits are, of course, first-rate, and the letterpress concise, and yet sufficiently full. Next month a short review on Music and the Drama will be added to the present text.—A new monthly magazine devoted to Sport and Art, called *The Chase*, makes its appearance this month. The coloured illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Edward Kennard, a member of the Pythchley, and the novel, "Hugh Dayrell," is written by "H. H.," who is vouched for by the editor as a splendid sportsman. The rest of the letterpress deals with sporting and artistic matters, and has a number of capital little sketches by Cecil Cutler let into the text.—Another new venture is "The Gentlewoman," an illustrated weekly journal for gentlemen, which is rather more literary than most of its rivals, though it quite keeps up its character as a ladies' newspaper. There is a very good series of articles on "Gentlemen at Home," beautifully illustrated from photographs, and the whole paper is printed in clear and readable type.—The "Art Interchange" continues its excellent coloured plates in its fortnightly issue. Those of the last few numbers are a sketch of "A Clearing in the Woods," by Leonard Ochtman, which will do well for students to copy, and two studies of chrysanthemums and poppies, which are first-rate specimens of colour printing.—"Beauty's Queens" for August contains a pastel portrait of Miss Decima Moore, and well-executed graphotone portraits of Miss Philippa Fawcett and Miss Sylvia Grey. The text is devoted to the worship of Beauty under all its aspects.—Admirers of the late Cardinal Newman will be glad to learn that Mr. W. E. Stiff, of Birmingham, has just issued a *bas-relief* portrait, in terra cotta, of the late Cardinal. The likeness has been well preserved, and, as the face is in strong relief, all appearance of flatness has been avoided.—The Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company have issued an excellent map of the United States of America, on the scale of forty-five miles to an inch.—A first-rate library map of Australasia has just been published by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, with all the latest discoveries of Australian and Papuan explorers. The scale is rather small, being only 90.9 miles to an inch, but the engraving is so excellent that every detail is clearly given.



THE ENGLISH WHEAT CROP is now for the most part secured, though many parishes in Lancashire, Cumberland, and the northern districts of Yorkshire have only just begun to carry their corn. These regions, however, grow but little wheat. The area under wheat is 2,386,336 acres, including Wales and Scotland. In Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and Hampshire, a district usually producing about a million qrs., the present year's production is reckoned at 928,500 qrs., or rather under an average. In Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Somerset, and Cornwall, 837,000 qrs. are reckoned to have been grown, Wiltshire and Devonshire each producing over 200,000 qrs. In the West of England seven counties are estimated to have produced 948,000 qrs., and Wales to have grown 221,000 qrs. Although the Welsh harvest is not yet completed, the yield is known to be above the average, which in these wet west regions is such as would by no means satisfy the Kentish or East Anglian farmer. The six Northern counties of England are estimated to have produced 974,157 qrs., of which no less than 725,000 qrs. have been grown in the great county of York. The eleven Midland counties have produced about 1,707,500 qrs., the regions where wheat is most grown being Nottingham, Northampton, and Hertford. East Anglia, with Essex and the Cambridge and Huntingdon fens, have produced 3,300,000 qrs., which is a full average yield. Lincolnshire is credited with 925,000 qrs., the largest production of any single county.

THE UNITED KINGDOM on the whole has no great reason to complain of this year's wheat harvest, even if Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands should have poor crops. But the Channel Islands have already, as a matter of fact, secured quite their usual moderate wont, and the yields are likely to be nearly if not quite an average in Scotland and the Isle of Man. The production for all outlying regions, except Ireland, may be put at 250,000 qrs., and Ireland, with an acreage of 93,208 acres under wheat, should somewhat exceed the preliminary estimate of 240,000 qrs. yield. In fact, 8 qrs. to the acre cannot now be assumed as excessive, and this would give 279,624 qrs. The total wheat yield for the United Kingdom may therefore, after all, fall out little short of nine and a half million qrs.

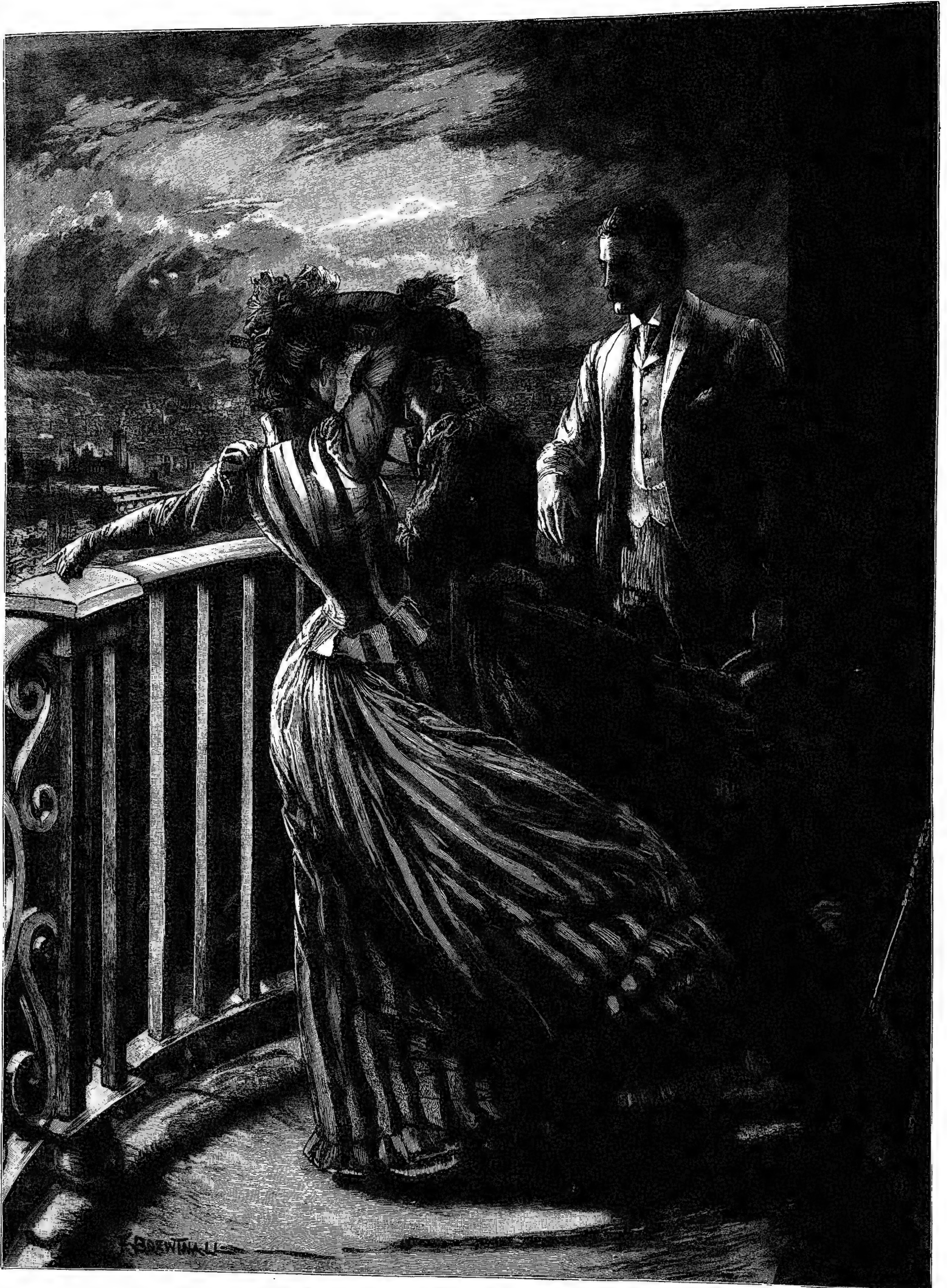
AN ESTIMATE which was published in *The Miller* of Monday last gives the wheat crops of the United Kingdom for the last nine years, including the present season, the figures being:—1890, 9,408,657 qrs.; 1889, 9,676,240 qrs.; 1888, 8,117,520 qrs.; 1887, 9,860,725 qrs.; 1886, 7,920,190 qrs.; 1885, 9,471,013 qrs.; 1884, 10,875,600 qrs.; 1883, 9,379,775 qrs., and 1882, 11,697,425 qrs. The present year's yield is seen not to fall greatly below the average. It has been exceeded in 1889, 1887, 1885, 1884, and 1882, but it has itself surpassed the production of 1888, 1886, and 1883. The average price for English wheat during the cereal year just concluded was only 31s. 2d. per qr., against 30s. 8d. in 1888-9, 31s. 1d. in 1887-8, and 33s. 6d. in 1886-7. The highest prices were realised in May, June, July, and August, the lowest accepted in October, and again in February and March.

THE IRISH AGRICULTURAL RETURNS, published August 29th, give the area under wheat as already indicated, and, in addition, they give the areas under all the other crops of note. The cultivation of oats, although reduced from last year, is still very considerable, 1,220,241 acres. The yield is believed this year to be about 5,000,000 qrs. of barley; 196,000 acres are cultivated. This includes a small area under rye. Beans and peas occupy 4,369 acres. Potatoes are grown on 780,801 acres, or about one-seventh of the total area cultivated. Turnips 295,361 acres, and flax 96,871 acres, show a decrease in acreage, the gain being on mangels, 46,451 acres, against 44,025 last year; cabbage, 45,957 acres, against 42,437 last year; and tares 13,266 acres, against 13,038 last year. The total area under crops is 137,051 acres smaller than last year, and the loss is distributed very equally over Ireland—Ulster losing 31,655 acres, Connaught 25,595 acres, Munster 43,696 acres, and Leinster 36,105 acres.

THE SUSSEX SHOW at Lewes was favoured with moderately fine weather, and the attendance was fair. The sheep shown by Sir F. Montefiore and Mr. T. Martin were very fine, and the latter exhibits were particularly interesting, as being extremely good specimens of the old-fashioned Southdown. The Jersey cattle and the Sussex bulls were worthy of attention, but for some reason or other the classes for Sussex heifers were very badly filled. Sir James Duke gave the Show quite a lift with his splendid exhibits of agricultural horses, and the ten prizes which he took were felt on all hands to be fully deserved. The Show did not include pigs, which omission is not to be commended, seeing that the breeding of these useful animals generally represents economy and good management on the farm. There were also complaints, though of somewhat less reasonableness, concerning the omission of poultry from the Show.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RECENT REMARKS on farmers' small profits have been generally regarded as showing a good deal of appreciation of the present position of affairs. An excellent Conservative authority on Saturday was found practically endorsing the views of the ex-Premier when saying that "gardening, fruit-farming, cow-keeping by cottagers, poultry production, and perhaps rabbit-breeding and feeding will largely increase." Increase of appetite, as the saying goes, will grow with what it feeds on. If fruit were readily accessible and cheap, and of good flavour, it might make a great difference to the diet of the masses, and by its cooking and thirst-quenching capabilities reduce the present expenditure on beer. A good pear is seldom to be had under threepence, which is quite three times what the price ought to be, nor are really good-flavoured apples at all cheap.

WEBB'S SOUTHDOWN.—A sheep sale in Cambridgeshire was, a generation ago, the great rural event of the era, when the flock of Mr. Jonas Webb was sold; and the recent sale of the Southdowns of his son, Mr. Henry Webb, of Streetly Hall, has given this generation its special interest, 745 sheep making the average of 12l. 18s. 6d. each. One ram went to the United States for sixty guineas. The great fact to be noted is that the Messrs. Webb, father and son, having formed their "tribe," did not go outside it for fresh blood, keeping the race true, yet without that close breeding—family breeding—which some stock-masters have followed.



IN THE GOLDEN GALLERY, ST. PAUL'S
SHOWING OUR AMERICAN COUSINS THE SIGHTS OF LONDON



(TO BE REPRODUCED AS A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. MAWSON, SWAN, AND MORGAN)

“THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE”
FROM THE PICTURE BY STANHOPE A. FORBES

THE GRAPHIC



THE sensation of the week has been the continuation in the columns of the Paris *Figaro* of the so-called Boulangist revelations. The articles are by an anonymous contributor, whom public opinion identifies with the Deputy, M. Mermeix. It is stated that General Boulanger himself has been made acquainted with the name of the writer, and the general tendency is to regard the story as authentic. The revelations relate principally to negotiations between the General on the one hand and the Bonapartists and Royalists on the other. General Boulanger is said to have paid a clandestine visit to Prince Jerome Bonaparte at Prangins, and to have established cordial relations with him. The Prince promised to present him with the sword of the Great Napoleon when he should have regained Alsace and Lorraine for France. The negotiations with the Royalists are alleged to have been opened by a Royalist Deputy, M. Martimprey, and afterwards continued, with the authorisation of the Comte de Paris, by M. de Mackau. It was arranged that the Revisionists and Royalists should combine their forces to elect a President who should recall General Boulanger to power. Afterwards the General would use his influence to bring about a Restoration. To his own friends the General stated at the time that he had no intention of fulfilling these pledges, and that he only proposed to avail himself of the Royalist alliance in order to exclude M. Ferry from power. The intrigue was disappointed by the election of M. Carnot. There are also some astonishing revelations with regard to the supplies of money which were placed at the General's disposal. Among other statements which are made is one alleging that General Boulanger had a personal interview with the Comte de Paris in London.

In the domain of serious politics a leading position is still held by the African Question. The full text of the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement has been published at Lisbon, but the opposition of the Progressist newspapers has not been mitigated. The clause which has caused the largest amount of irritation is that which stipulates that Portugal shall not dispose of any of her African possessions without the consent of England. Rumours have been in circulation during the week of an arrangement between England and the Congo Free State, by which a right of way might be acquired by Great Britain on the western shore of Lake Tanganyika, uniting British Central Africa with the territories of the British East African Company. The rumour has, however, not been confirmed. Dr. Peters has been the object of many complimentary demonstrations in Berlin, and on Sunday he was invited to take tea with the Emperor. Major Wissmann has gone to Belgium in response to an invitation from King Leopold, and it is stated that he may visit England before he returns to East Africa.

Public opinion on the Continent is still much exercised by the recent Imperial meeting at Narva. The most conflicting statements have been made. It was said that the hurried departure of the Emperor was due to a quarrel with the Czar, but this has been officially denied. On the other hand, M. de Giers has stated that the conference of the Emperors was exceedingly satisfactory. Some importance is attached to the interview which took place between General von Caprivi and M. Vishnegradski, the Russian Minister of Finance, at the German Embassy during the Emperor William's visit. It is said that M. Vishnegradski appealed to the German Chancellor as to whether the time had not come for abrogating some of the economical measures taken by Prince Bismarck by way of warring against Russian finances. General von Caprivi is alleged to have answered that he saw no reason for maintaining these measures any longer, and that he hoped the matter might be settled through diplomatic channels after his return to Russia's satisfaction. Nevertheless, the allegations with regard to differences between the German and Russian Courts are still persisted in, even in quarters which deserve consideration.

The relations of FRANCE and ITALY have also been a prominent subject of discussion during the week. The attitude of the French Press towards Italy has lately been conspicuously disagreeable, and the proposal to send a French squadron to salute King Humbert on the occasion of the projected visit to Spezia evoked very decided opposition. On Monday it was announced that the King had abandoned his intention of visiting Spezia. When President Carnot was at Toulon some time ago, an Italian squadron was sent to that port with the especial object of doing honour to the Head of the French Republic, and thereby paying a compliment on the part of the Italian Government to that of France. The reported intention of the King of Italy to visit Spezia naturally suggested a return of this compliment, and negotiations were opened between the Governments of Rome and Paris. A semi-official announcement states that they encountered difficulties which proved insurmountable. In order to facilitate an issue from an embarrassing position, King Humbert, it is understood, resolved to forego his visit to Spezia. A statement has been published to the effect that no negotiations took place; but the evidence on this head is conflicting. In political circles in Rome it is affirmed that the failure of the alleged negotiations was mainly due to an insistence on formalities of rather minor importance. Some fears are expressed in well-informed quarters lest the incident, though in itself of no great political moment, should nevertheless disturb the cordial relations which have been successfully established between the two Cabinets, or should at least cause a coolness.

With regard to the ARMENIAN Question, the aspect of affairs this week is more encouraging. There does not seem to have been any recurrence of outrages, and the rumours of fresh conflicts at Erzerum are contradicted. Tranquillity is now said to have been completely restored. It is also denied that the Russian military preparations on the frontier have any reference to a projected intervention in the affairs of Armenia. At Constantinople, too, the relations of the Porte and the Armenian Patriarch have become less strained. On Sunday last Monsignor Achikian attended at Yildiz Kiosk, and was presented by the Sultan's Secretary with an Imperial Irade inviting him to withdraw his resignation. At the same time he was formally promised that all the demands put forward in his recent Memorandum concerning the privileges of the Armenian Church should be immediately taken into consideration, and that the condition of the Armenian population in Asia Minor should be improved. In consequence of these assurances, Monsignor Achikian so far complied with the Sultan's wish that, while declaring that he would maintain his resignation for the present, he agreed to continue in charge of the affairs of the Patriarchate for some months longer, to allow time for the fulfilment of the Sultan's promises. Monsignor Achikian subsequently asked that a Special Commission should be appointed as soon as possible, in order to discuss and settle his various demands. On Monday the Armenian Patriarch paid an official visit to the Palace, in order to congratulate the Sultan upon the anniversary of his accession. The only circumstance of a disturbing nature is the escape of Moussa Bey, who has disappeared. In some quarters it is feared that he may return to Armenia, and stir up the Kurds to fresh outrage.

Military and Naval Manœuvres are being held on a large scale all over the Continent. The Naval evolutions began with the

French fleet at the end of July. All through August French or English ships have been manœuvring in the Channel or the ocean, and Russian ships in the Baltic. The British Mediterranean Squadron made an imposing appearance off Toulon on Tuesday. There have been Russian operations on land under the eye of the German Emperor. France and Russia reopened this week great military operations which no foreigner is to be allowed to witness. Smokeless powder and the new infantry formation are to be tried by the French near Bordeaux, and a hundred thousand Russians will be set at work on the south-western frontier. The ITALIAN King has been holding manœuvres on an extensive scale at Montecitorio, and the German Emperor started on Tuesday to superintend great combined naval and military manœuvres round Kiel. It will be the end or near the end of September before they are all wound up.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The strikes in AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND still continue on a large scale. Fears of riots have been entertained at Melbourne, and a large force of military have been drafted into the town. The employers and shipowners met in conference on Tuesday, and resolved to organise an Employers' Defence Association.—Large increases in the Customs' duties on the western frontier of RUSSIA are reported.—The Labour Holiday was celebrated in the UNITED STATES on Monday with immense demonstrations of trade societies.—Peace has been definitely concluded between GUATEMALA and SAN SALVADOR.—The Hungarian town of Tokay, famous for its wines, has been totally destroyed by fire.—The King of Portugal is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, but his condition causes no alarm.

NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN JERSEY

THIS statue, which was unveiled at St. Helier, on Wednesday last, has been erected by the people of Jersey, in honour of Her Majesty. It was designed by Mr. George Mallet, of Paris, and cast at the foundry of MM. Thibault, also in the French capital. The height of the statue is eight feet, and that of the pedestal, which is made of Jersey granite from the quarries of "La Moye," thirteen. On the front of the pedestal is the monogram "V.R." in raised work, and on the left side the dates "1890-1846," the latter being



STATUE OF THE QUEEN
Unveiled on Wednesday at St. Helier, Jersey

the year in which the Queen last visited the island. The whole is approached by two granite steps. The statue stands in the Weighbridge Garden, and was unveiled, amid the cheering of the people and the thunder of cannon, by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island. In the afternoon there were sports and an open-air circus in the People's Park, and the day ended with a grand Venetian Fête and display of fireworks.—Our engraving is from a photograph by F. Carlier, 170, Rue St. Antoine, Paris.



THE Court is now settled at Balmoral, and the season in the Highlands is at its zenith. Since her arrival in Scotland the Queen has not taken part in any important social function, but has driven out a good deal to the Danzig Shiel and other picturesque haunts. On Friday last she visited the Duchess of Albany at Birkhall, and on Saturday she received visits from the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Hélène d'Orléans, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. On Monday she drove to Braemar, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and the Duke of Clarence, and afterwards proceeded to Mar Lodge, where she had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Princess of Wales. The Queen will stay at Balmoral until within about a week of the meeting of Parliament, when Her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales is still at Homburg, where he has taken considerable interest in the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the local Rifle Association. He has presented that body with a

valuable cup, bearing a suitable inscription. The Princess, with her daughter, the Princess Victoria, remains at Mar Lodge, where the Duke and Duchess of Fife are entertaining a large party. In her honour an entertainment was given by the Duke last Friday, consisting of a dinner, a torchlight dance, and a ball. Sixty of the Duke's clansmen took part in the dance. The Prince of Wales will shortly join the Princess, when they will probably make their headquarters for about three weeks. Then Abergeldie Castle their headquarters for about three weeks. Then they will embark at Aberdeen in the Royal yacht *Osborne* for Denmark. After a stay of a few days at Fredensborg, where they will meet the Czar and Czarina, the Prince will go on to Vienna, on his way to Hungary.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is to visit South Wales the week after next, and will open the Glamorganshire Canal bridge on the 17th.—The Duke of Edinburgh, who left Kissingen on Friday last to join the Duchess at Coburg, is due in England on the 15th. The Duke and Duchess are now the guests of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha at the Schloss Reinhardsbrunn.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Balmoral for Germany yesterday, and they will remain abroad for two months. The Duke is expected to join the German Emperor to-morrow (Sunday) in time for the German land and sea manœuvres of the Seventh Army Corps.

The Queen of Roumania arrived in England last Friday, and stayed for a few days in London en route for Llandudno, where she intends to pass some weeks to recruit her health.



THE BANGOR EISTEDDFOD.—The National Eisteddfod of Wales, which this year is held at Bangor, opened on Tuesday, and will be continued till Friday. The arrangements are almost identical with those of former years, with the exception that greater prominence than ever is given to music. This is as it should be, for it is chiefly for the sake of the choral and other contests that Eisteddfodau still flourish. The programme of the Eisteddfod now in progress includes competitions by choirs of from 150 to 200 voices; for smaller choirs of fifty to eighty voices; for male voices and children's choirs, as well as for orchestras and vocal and instrumental soloists. Nor is the art of musical composition neglected. A prize is offered for the best short cantata with accompaniment, for strings or full orchestra; another for the best children's cantata to Welsh words; another for the best written part song and so forth. The choral contests necessarily, however, attract the most attention, because the competing choirs this year represent almost every district in the Principality. Endeavours of late have been made to increase the love for and practice of orchestral music. They have met with a certain limited amount of success, but there is no doubt that the musical affections of the Welsh are chiefly centred in their choral singing. The musical arrangements of the present Eisteddfod are in the hands chiefly of Dr. Roland Rogers, organist of Bangor Cathedral, but among the other adjudicators are Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen; Dr. Joseph Parry, composer of several Welsh works; Messrs. Emlyn Evans, W. Davies, and C. F. Lloyd.

Everybody knows that Eisteddfodau are of very ancient origin. Originally they practically were periodical assemblies of the Welsh Bards, and they certainly date back to the seventh century, when, according to tradition, King Cadwaladr presided at one of these ceremonies. At that time the Eisteddfodau more nearly resembled the far more modern meetings of the Meistersingers at Nuremberg and other German cities. Candidates for the position of "Pencerdd" or minstrel, which body then practically held the monopoly of music in Wales, had to be presented by a Master Minstrel to the presiding Bard. After being vouched for, candidates were required to pass through a novitiate, extending from three to nine years, before they finally were admitted within the charmed circle of Master Minstrels or Bards. These excellent rules were, however, frequently departed from, and persons of wealth or distinction who could claim little or no knowledge of music were from time to time admitted forthwith to the ranks of Bards. The Eisteddfodau for many years dropped out of sight, but they were revived in the reign of Edward IV., and were occasionally held until within the present century, when they became an annual affair. The chief purpose of the Eisteddfod now consists in the encouragement which it gives to the study of music and to the maintenance of the Welsh language. It is, however, a curious fact that, since Wales became a part of the British realm, the Eisteddfod has never yet been witnessed by an English monarch, and until the London Eisteddfod of three years ago, it had never been attended by a Prince of Wales.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Certain complaints which have—not without justification—been made, that the programmes of the so-called classical concerts at Covent Garden did not contain a fair proportion of really classical music, have been noticed by the authorities, and the matter is now about to be rectified. Last week, however, the only really classical item of the scheme was Schubert's *Rosamunde* overture; the programme likewise including several hackneyed songs from operas, Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," announced to be played by Madame Zoe Caryll (but, owing to her indisposition, undertaken by a gentleman who, under the circumstances, it would hardly be fair to criticise), Raff's "Italian" suite, and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. A far larger audience assembled on Saturday, when Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony was performed. On Monday there was a humorous programme, the only classical item of which was Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony, which has long been a favourite at these entertainments. The chief works in the classical programme of Wednesday in the present week were Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, and a Haydn symphony. Next Monday Mr. Sims Reeves will give the first of a series of six farewell performances at the Promenade Concerts, and it is proposed to rail off a space in front of the promenade for reserved seats.

DEATH OF ESPADERO.—A Reuter's telegram announces the death, on Saturday, at Havana, of Señor Espadero, the celebrated pianist. Espadero never appeared in this country, but his fame in Cuba was very great. He was born in 1835, and was a pupil of Ariziti, but his pianoforte works, of which he published nearly a hundred, are obviously based upon the style of Gottschalk, whose music by the way Espadero afterwards edited. Espadero was said to have been a somewhat eccentric player, possessing a pianoforte style entirely his own, which owed little to traditional technique, but interested for its originality and its warmth. What European audiences thought of it was never put to the test, at any rate so far as London was concerned.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The rehearsals for the Worcester Festival took place on Thursday in London. They will be continued on Saturday and Monday at Worcester. The Festival, after a preliminary service on Sunday, will begin on Tuesday next week.—Master Max Hambourg, the latest pianoforte prodigy, will this month return to England, for a series of recitals in London and the provinces.—Mr. Santley is expected in London early in November, but it is not unlikely that he will early in the spring leave for a tour in the United States.—Dr. Richter has written to the French

papers protesting against a silly charge that he conducted Wagnerian works with his right hand and French operas with his left. He explains that, as he is obliged to conduct rehearsals or performances daily, he has, in order to avoid fatigue, trained himself to conduct indiscriminately with his right hand and his left. But the distinction between Wagnerian and French opera exists only in the imagination of the paragraphist.—M. Rubinstein has during the holidays written a series of five pianoforte pieces for his pupil, Miss Poznanski, and has put the finishing touches to a new orchestral overture entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It is stated that a pianoforte version, by the composer himself, of Beethoven's E flat concerto (popularly called *The Emperor*) and the full score of a hitherto unknown (and probably apocryphal) pianoforte concerto in D minor have just been published in Leipsic.

THEATRES

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new and original comedy, which was brought out at a special *matinée* at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre last week, is understood to be an early work of the author which has lain by in managerial pigeon-holes. It bears evident marks of immaturity, and is altogether a somewhat slight and sketchy production. The main purpose of the story is to show how a puritanical provincial mayor, who had held the stage and all that pertains thereto in horror, was suddenly converted into an enthusiastic playgoer and patron of the drama; but the way in which this conversion is brought about is somewhat inartistic, and certainly does not carry conviction. It consists in letting loose upon Abraham Boothroyd, bacon factor and Mayor of Padbury-in-the-Wold, a fascinating actress who, by dint of flattery and cajolery, induces him to go to a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* instead of attending an indignation meeting called to denounce theatrical entertainments, *à propos* of a proposal to convert Exeter Hall into a playhouse. Obviously Abraham Boothroyd, who becomes in the hands of that artistic actor, Mr. Willard, a thoroughly typical deacon of a chapel of Particular Baptists, is not the sort of person to be thus coaxed into the ways of the wicked. It is too evident that he would not have gone to the play at all, and, therefore, that the opportunity of convincing him of the error of his views would never have been secured—at all events by the rather palpable wiles and stratagems which the temptress, Mrs. Bolingbroke, brings to bear upon him—albeit this character was played with rare vivacity and charm by Mrs. F. H. Macklin. The curious part of the matter is that the author should have failed to perceive that there was a much more plausible pretext suggested in the very dialogue between these twain. Benjamin Boothroyd confesses he has not been to the play, and even that he has adopted his opinions from one who is equally ignorant of stage matters. Here was Mrs. Bolingbroke's natural opportunity. If she had taken advantage of his weak point to insist upon the unreasonableableness of denouncing that of which his authority avowedly knew nothing, it would have overtaxed no one's credulity to find Abraham Boothroyd consenting to go for once, in the conviction that his views would thereby be strengthened, and that he might even be able in the end to convince his fair opponent of the hollowness of her defence of theatrical entertainments. As it is, Boothroyd, after figuring as a very incarnation of austere propriety, seems to be instantaneously transformed into a very weak and pliable creature. He does not even escape from a suspicion of being a hypocrite, for if he was sincere it is hard to account for the easy way in which he assumes that a couple of hundred "Particular Baptists" in his employ will abandon their horror of playhouses when he bids them so to do, and support his scheme for building a theatre in Padbury. But if their employer is a hypocrite there is an end of all interest in his conversion. These defects are not the less glaring because the author has added a touch of sentiment to the story, and represented the deacon as discovering in the impersonator of Juliet his own grandchild; a character prettily played by Miss Annie Hill. The little piece, which is in two acts, was very favourably received, but it is not likely to take any very permanent place in the repertory of the modern stage.

DRURY LANE Theatre reopens its doors for the autumn season this evening, when the new romantic spectacular drama, entitled *A Million of Money*, on which Mr. Pettitt and Mr. Augustus Harris have long been at work, will be played for the first time. The leading parts will be sustained by Miss Millward, Mr. Charles Warner, Miss Alice Lingard, Mr. Herbert Standing, Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Lizzie Claremont, and Mr. Harry Nicholls.

Sir Theodore Martin, the husband of the lady known in stage history as Miss Helen Faucit, is said to be the writer of the article in *Blackwood* in which Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind, elsewhere universally praised, is so severely criticised.

Mr. Clement Scott is going to favour the members of the Birkbeck Institute with his recollections of plays and players during the last thirty years. His lecture, which will be delivered on the opening night of the Birkbeck Lecture Season, October 1st, ought to be very interesting to those who concern themselves with the modern stage.

Mr. Pigott's amusing comedy, *The Bookmaker*, has been playing during the present week at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, with Mr. George Barrett in the part of the hero.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has returned, and is now on a professional tour with his company in provincial cities. The NEW OLYMPIC will, it is expected, be ready for his reception before the close of the autumn.

Miss Cissy Grahame removes, on the 15th inst., with her company and the new farce of *The Fudge* from TERRY'S THEATRE to the OPÉRA COMIQUE. Mr. Terry's season, however, will not commence till about the end of the month.

Miss Calhoun's engagement at the SHAFTESBURY is now concluded. *Judah*, however, will continue to be played on three nights in the week to the end of the season. The other nights—that is, Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday—will be given up to *The Middleman*, which will be revived this evening.

It is said that Mr. Flerman Merivale's version of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, now in active rehearsal at the LYCEUM, will probably be known as *The Master of Ravenswood*.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS

FROM Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. come Malthus's well-known "Essay on Population," with a biography and critical introduction by G. T. Bettany, M.A.; Mr. Barnett Smith's "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," revised and brought up to date; and three more volumes of the "Minerva Library," "Vanity Fair," Barth's "Travels in North and Central Africa," and Torrens' "Memoirs of Lord Melbourne," also edited by Mr. Bettany.—Messrs. Macmillan send us four neat volumes of Kingsley's pulpit utterances, "National Sermons," "Sermons for the Times," "Village, Town, and Country Sermons," and "The Water of Life;" three of the late Mrs. Craik's novels, "Two Marriages," "My Brother and I," and "The Laurel Bush;"

together with "Louisiana" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Burnett; "Tales of Old Japan," by A. B. Mitford; and "A York and Lancaster Rose," by Annie Keary.—"Jacquetta," by S. Baring Gould; "The Plan of Campaign," by Mabel Robinson; "My Land of Beulah," by Mrs. Leith Adams; "Eli's Children," by George Manville Fenn; and "The True History of Joshua Davidson," by Mrs. Lynn-Linton, are among the novels which Messrs. Methuen are now issuing in convenient form.—"Handy Andy," "Ivanhoe," "Oliver Twist," and "The Ingoldsby Legends" are published in attractive shape, but at the somewhat odd price of 1s. 3d. a volume, by Messrs. Cassell.—Messrs. Longman send us the Rev. J. G. Wood's "Strange Dwellings," Richard Jefferies' "Field and Hedgerow," and Vol. I. of the late Dean Merivale's "Romans Under the Empire."—The third series of "Tales from *Blackwood*" has reached its tenth volume, and "Travel, Adventure, and Sport" from the same magazine its eighth.—We may also note the republication of "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins (Chapman and Hall); W. H. G. Kingston's "Peter the Whaler" (Griffith, Farran); "Heart Wins," by Mrs. Alexander (Trischler and Co.); "The Buchholtz Family," by Julius Stinde (George Bell and Sons); "Stories from Scotland Yard," by Inspector Moser (Routledge); and "Viera," by Roman I. Zuboff (American News Company, New York).

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER

THE RIGHT REV. HENRY PHILPOTT, D.D., who has just intimated his intention of resigning the See of Worcester, is a son of the late Richard Philpott, Esq., of Chichester, and was born on November 17th, 1807. He was educated at the Cathedral Grammar School, Chichester, and at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, where, in 1829, he graduated as Senior Wrangler (the present Duke of Devonshire being Second Wrangler), and also took a First Class in Classics. Shortly afterwards he became Fellow of his College, and held successively the offices of Assistant Tutor and Tutor until his election to the Mastership in 1845. Meantime he had taken Holy Orders, having been ordained Deacon in 1831, and Priest two years later. From 1837 to 1840 he was Whitehall Preacher, he was twice nominated as Select Preacher to the University, and in 1845 became Canon of Norwich. In 1846 (and again in 1856 and 1857) he was Vice-Chancellor of the University,



THE RIGHT REV. HENRY PHILPOTT, D.D.
Bishop of Worcester

and in 1847 he was appointed Chaplain to H.R.H. the Prince Consort, a post which he held for thirteen years. In 1861 he was consecrated 102nd Bishop of Worcester. The Diocese contains more than a million souls, and provides more than enough work for a single prelate, especially one who, like Dr. Philpott, writes all his letters with his own hand. Accordingly, as long ago as 1877, it was proposed to detach the Archdeaconry of Coventry from the See, but the Bishop protested so earnestly against the proposed severance that the idea was given up. With increasing years, however, he became reconciled to the notion, and had even promised to give up 800*l.* a year of his episcopal revenues towards the endowment of the proposed Bishopric of Birmingham. For nearly fifty years the Bishop has been aided by the companionship of Mrs. Philpott, a daughter of Nicola, Marchese di Spineto, to whom he was married in 1846. About twelve years ago she became totally blind, but she has not allowed this calamity to interfere with the duties of her position.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES intends writing a full account of his late journey in the Balkan provinces, in Russia, and in Germany. Only one hundred copies of his book will be printed. It will be dedicated to his mother, Queen Margherita.

THE YOUNG HUNGARIAN DEPUTY, whose alleged interview with Prince Bismarck has just now given him a European prominence, is the youngest son of Cornelius Abranyi, a well-known musical composer. One of his brothers, Cornelius Abranyi, jun., is editor of the *Pesti Naplo*. Emile is a poet, and his national songs have achieved an immense success. In politics he belongs to the Extreme Left, and in private life he discharges the duties of secretary of a limited liability company. Elected to Parliament on the recommendation of Kossuth, he founded a newspaper, which had only a short life. Whatever the truth of his relations with Prince Bismarck, public opinion in Pesth attaches the firmest belief to his allegations.

THE RETURNS OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL for the week ended August 30th state that 2,614 births and 1,659 deaths were registered in London during the week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 32 below, while the deaths exceeded by 190 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The annual death-rate per 1,000 from all causes, which had been 20·6 and 19·2 in the preceding two weeks, rose again last week to 19·6. During the last nine weeks of the current quarter the death-rate averaged 18·6 per 1,000, being 1·2 per 1,000 below the average in the corresponding periods of the ten years 1879-89. No death from small-pox was registered during the week, and deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs fell from 203 in the previous week to 183, though still 15 above the corrected average. Seven deaths were recorded from cholera (4) or choleraic diarrhoea (3).



A COFFIN TRUST has been formed in New York, with a capital of 3,000,000 dollars, which includes most of the leading manufacturers of coffins in the United States.

THE SUNDAY CLOSING MOVEMENT IN BERLIN is making progress. Thus far upwards of 1,500 firms, mostly belonging to the grocery and retail dry-goods branches, have engaged to close their stores at noon on Sundays and holidays.

DOCTOR BUCHERON, of Paris, has found a curious hatchet in the Avenue des Acacias, Bois de Boulogne, which it is affirmed must have belonged to the Stone Age. The relic has been sent to a learned Society, the report of which will be awaited with interest. "If the genuineness of the find," says a French contemporary, "be vindicated, it will prove that even in the Stone Age the Avenue des Acacias was a favourite resort among Parisians."

DURING KING HUMBERT'S late visit to Brescia, while visiting the manufactory of Signori Mussato- and Cerasi, he perceived an old man decorated with the silver medal for military valour. The King bade him approach, and on learning that he had fought by his side against the Austrians in 1866, when the battalion of the Fortyninth formed square and repulsed three charges of the Austrian cavalry, he shook hands heartily with him and took down his name.

VINALHAVEN, MAINE, claims to have produced the largest stone ever brought to light. It has been quarried by the Bodwell Granite Company. In height it considerably exceeds any of the Egyptian obelisks. The tallest of these, which was brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria by Emperor Constantine, and afterwards taken to Rome, where it is still standing, is 105 ft. 7 in. high, while the Vinalhaven shaft is 115 ft. long, 10 ft. square at the base, and weighs 850 tons.

TOKAY, IN THE ZEMPLIN COMITAT, HUNGARY, which has just been destroyed by fire, has long been renowned as an important centre of the wine-growing industry. The average produce of the neighbouring vineyards, known as the Tokay Hills, was 150,000 eimers. The wines, of which there were thirty-four distinct kinds, were chiefly bottled for the Tokay-Hegyalja Wine Growing Company, and the townsfolk were mainly dependent on the cultivation of the vines for subsistence.

M. THIERS frequently used to say that one of the greatest ambitions of his life was to found an establishment where a certain number of young Frenchmen of talent, but without means, might receive a high-class education. This idea is about to be realised by a generous French lady, who has offered to contribute the necessary funds. The Council of the Institution will be responsible for the selection of the scholars, all of whom must have given evidence of special ability before the age of seventeen.

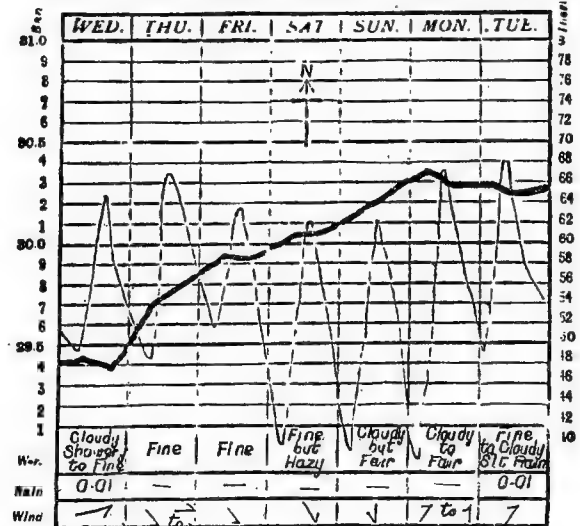
THE ORIGINAL OF THE NATIONAL STANDARD OF THE UNITED STATES is now in the possession of a lady at Albany, a descendant of General Gansevoort. This precious relic was made out of a white shirt and some bits of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife during the siege of Fort Stanwix, in 1777, where it was first unfurled. Two months later a properly made "Stars and Stripes" was first hoisted by United States' troops. The occasion was the surrender of Burgoyne.

SEVENTY-EIGHT EXAMINATIONS of the impurities under finger-nails were recently made in the bacteriological laboratories of Vienna, and the cultivations thus produced showed thirty-six kinds of micrococci, eighteen bacilli, three sarcinæ, and various varieties; the spores of common mould were very frequently present. It is sometimes said that the scratch of a nail is poisonous. There is no reason to suspect the nail-tissue; it is more likely the germs laid in a wound from a bacterial nest under the nail.

CONFERENCEs ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY. Liverpool is alive with the Labour Congress. The British Association meets next week. An International Conference of Fish Breeders is sitting at Dantzic, and another of Bee-Keepers in Hungary. The Sanitary Congress and the Association for the Codification of the Law of Nations have only just dispersed. A Eucharistic Conference is in session at Antwerp, and the Pope is going to inaugurate a Liturgical Congress at Rome. The Pan Slavists are agitating a Slavonic Congress, and the Austrian Poles are organising a Polish Congress. There is even a rumour of a Pan-Celtic Conference, at which every one will speak Irish.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (2nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the greater part of this period has remained changeable, showery and cold for the time of year in all districts, with thunder and lightning in many places. The wind has been mostly Northerly to North-Westerly in direction, but has been generally moderate in force. The depressions somewhat complex character passed slowly over the Northern part of the country on Wednesday (27th ult.), finally disappearing over the South Sea. On Monday (1st inst.) a anticyclone spread over us from the Westward, bringing Northerly and North-Westerly winds all over the Kingdom, with low temperatures, and frosts at night on the grass at the Central English Stations. As the high pressure system passed away to the South-East, the barometer began to fall in the West and North, and warmer weather set in over all parts of the country, with rain in Ireland and Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30.34 inches) on Monday (1st inst.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Wednesday (27th ult.); range 0.94 inch.
The temperature was highest (68°) on Tuesday (2nd inst.); lowest (38°) on Monday (1st inst.); range 30°.
Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.02 inch.



LONG-BOWMAN OF AGINCOURT



ITALIAN CROSS-BOWMAN, OR
ARBALASTER



KNIGHT, temp. EDWARD I., COMPLETE
MAIL



KNIGHT, temp. HENRY VIII.

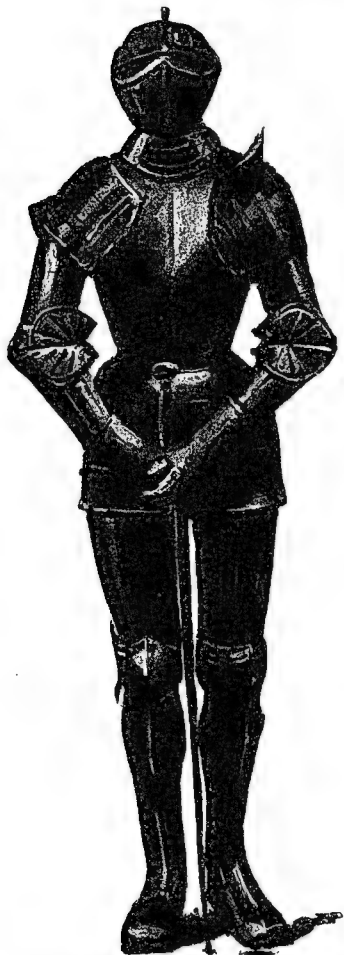
**NEW HISTORICAL FIGURES IN THE
ROTUNDA MUSEUM, WOOLWICH COMMON**

In the Rotunda Museum has long existed some very rare armour which, although admirably described and catalogued, has only been appreciated hitherto by visitors possessing special knowledge and sufficient energy to ask for it, seeing that most of it was in a remote part of the building, and some of it mixed up with modern Asiatic arms and armour. The greater part of the armour in question was obtained from Rhodes, where it lay neglected in an old building, until it was obtained from the Turkish Government at the cost of a few pounds. In the act of packing and removing, it is said that considerable damage and waste occurred from the

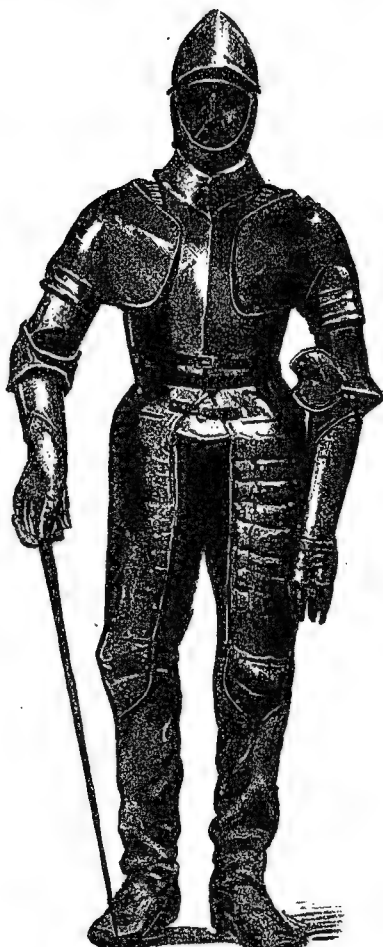
fact that Turkish soldiers regarded it as useless old iron and steel. This lot of armour from Rhodes is probably worth several thousand pounds. It consists chiefly of pieces of the 15th and early 16th centuries. None of it can be of later date, seeing that the Knights were driven from Rhodes in 1522.

Among the ninety-three pieces of armour are many beautiful "Salade" helmets for knights and archers, morions, articulated breastplates and backplates, cuissards, jambards, gauntlets, vambraces, and one beautiful chamfrain. The arms obtained are chiefly of the halbert class. The original collection in the Rotunda consisted of arms and armour, recorded as having been brought from France by the Army of Occupation in 1815, as well as some old English pieces,

and a certain number obtained from Malta and elsewhere, as well as some specimens secured by the watchfulness and enterprise of Sir Henry Lefroy, K.C.B., who, besides taking the necessary steps to obtain the Rhodes armour, procured, as opportunity offered, other prizes, including, perhaps, the finest tilting helmet extant, and above all, an enormous bronze gun, that formerly defended the Castle of Asia on the Dardanelles, cast in the reign of Mahomet II., A.D. 1468, and weighing 18 tons 14 cwt. This remarkable piece consists of two castings screwed together in two lengths, like our modern mountain guns. For its period, it was an achievement which may well be compared to the 100-ton guns of the present day.



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PLATE. Temp. 16TH-CENTURY
Suit attributed to Chevalier Bayard



KNIGHT, temp. CHARLES I.



KNIGHT IN MAXIMILIAN FLUTED
PLATE ARMOUR



PIKEMAN OF THE TIME OF CROMWELL

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SHOWING THE USE OF ARMOUR FROM THE TIME OF EDWARD I. TO THAT OF CROMWELL

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Sports by the Exhibition Attendees.
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For Details see Daily Papers.

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LORD HARTINGTON'S defence of the Unionist cause in the Scottish capital will follow even more speedily than was expected on Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of it to his Midlothian constituents. The Liberal Unionist chief has fixed Friday, October 31st, as the date of his speech at Edinburgh.

LORD DERBY made one of his calm and sensible speeches, when addressing, with Sir Henry James, his hosts and fellow-guests at a banquet given them at Bury on a non-political occasion. His opening there a public recreation ground, to the cost of which he had contributed handsomely. He touched, in characteristic fashion, on many topics, among them the question of strikes, remarking, in his dispassionate way, that as regards labour disputes and the injury which they do to trade, all our rivals abroad are exactly in the same position as ourselves. In any case it was not for the State to interfere except to see that the ring was clear and that the fight was carried on fairly. Parliament and the Executive are bound to see that the freedom of the individual workman is respected, and to put down intimidation or coercion.

NOW THAT THE TRADE UNIONIST LEADERS are projecting a general and gigantic federation of Labour against Capital, an important class of employers, and that which has hitherto suffered more than any other from successful strikes, naturally thinks it time to strengthen itself by combining. On Tuesday, the sometime talked-of new Shipping Union was formed at a remarkably influential meeting, held in London, of British shipowners, said to include the owners of most of the passenger lines and virtually of the whole of the carrying trade, representing a capital of more than 100,000,000. Mr. T. L. Davitt, President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, was in the chair. According to accounts given of its proceedings, which were private, nothing could be more comprehensive than the scheme of union agreed on, the resolutions adopted establishing a federation of the shipowners, not merely of the kingdom, but of the British Empire, for united and determined resistance to what they may consider the unreasonable demands of any of those whom they employ, and to the intimidation of trade societies and outsiders. The central office is to be in London, a manager was appointed, and an influential committee is to sit daily to perfect an organisation formed for defence, not defiance. Before the meeting separated, special resolutions were adopted, cordially approving of the action of the Australian shipowners, and promising them all possible support in their refusal of the demands of the Colonial labour-unions.

THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKERS AND UNIONISTS are, on the other hand, receiving some substantial aid, and the promise of more, from various British trade associations, especially from the Dock, Wharf, and General Labourers' Union, which in the great strike of last year was assisted by upwards of 40,000 of its sympathetic fellow-workers in Australia. This union has already sent to the Australian malcontents more than 1,000, and at a meeting of trade unionists in London on Tuesday, Mr. Ben Tillet confidently asserted that he could guarantee from the same source 15,000 or 20,000. The Gasworkers' Union is to send 1,000 for the same object, in promotion of which the Sailors' and Firemen's Union has voted 1,000,

and that powerful and flourishing body, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, proposes a 1s. levy, which would furnish the Australians with some 3,000 each week.

THE GROWING POWER and the great recent extension of trade-unions, with the agitation in favour of such measures as an Eight Hours Bill and a general federation of labour, bestow unusual public importance on the proceedings of the twenty-third Trade-Union Congress, representing 1,427,080 members, which has been meeting this week in Liverpool. The earliest business of general interest transacted at its opening on Monday was the unanimous adoption of a resolution expressing sympathy with the great Australian strike, and pledging the unions represented to lend the strikers all the financial aid in their power. On Tuesday the new President, Mr. Matkin, of the Liverpool Trades Council, delivered an inaugural address, speaking warmly in favour of the principle of an Eight Hours Bill, but suggesting that an industrial *plebiscite* should precede its introduction into Parliament. At the same time, as the miners had declared themselves unmistakably in favour of such a measure, he invited both political parties to apply a Miners' Eight Hours Act as an experiment. To obtain, however, the legislation most demanded by the working classes, labour, he thought, must be represented in Parliament much more largely than at present, and arrangements to secure this object were recommended. The influx of agricultural labourers to the towns to fill the places of Unionists on strike was deplored, and its prevention, he said, could only be attained by the nationalisation of the land, a first step towards which would be the acquisition by the State of the railways and mines of the country. While the present system of strikes remained in force, Mr. Matkin suggested as one possible outcome of a general federation of labour, the promotion of industrial enterprises by trade societies, which would give remunerative employment to the men on strike, put additional pressure on employers, and greatly relieve the strain on the funds of unions. The President's address was followed by a rather stormy discussion on a virtual vote of censure, which it was proposed to pass on the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress for alleged inaction with regard to the Miners' Eight Hours' Bill. The motion, which appears to have been supported by the extreme party in the Congress, was rejected by 258 votes to 93.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST to the proceedings of the Trade Union Congress were those of the Eisteddfod, which opened at Bangor on Tuesday with the holding of the Gorsedd ceremony, the Arch Druid presiding, and the Bishop of Bangor participating in the devotional part of the ritual. Subsequently the chair was taken by Lord Cranbrook, who, in the course of his address, paid appropriately a high tribute to the poetical works of a distinguished native of the principality—Mr. Lewis Morris. In another interesting address Canon Farrar declared himself in favour of a bi-lingual education for the Principality. Every Welsh child should speak English perfectly, but should also speak perfectly that Welsh which, he said, appealed to the ear with a music that could not be forgotten. He concluded by referring to the deep influence which the Welsh language and literature had exerted upon the literature of England, to the fact that Milton, whose mother was a Welsh woman, drew half his blood from the Welsh, and, had it not been for the influence of the Celt on the national thought, Shakespeare, he said, would not have been so unique and so supreme.

LIKE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, the British Pharmaceutical Association is holding its annual meeting, the twenty-seventh, in Leeds. In the inaugural address of the President, Mr. Charles Umney, on Tuesday, he drew attention to the great increase of

late years in the sale of patent medicines, by which a section of the public became injuriously habituated to the use of hydrate of chloral, opiates, and other narcotics. He thought it to be a question for the Legislature to consider whether the compounding of all proprietary medicines should not be subjected to restrictions like those imposed in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, where not only had the composition of each so-called patent medicine to be disclosed to a recognised authority, but permission had to be procured for its sale.

THE IRON DUKE'S MEMORIAL AT WELLINGTON.—The meeting to consider the restoration of this monument was not held at Taunton, as stated in our columns last week, but at Wellington.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her forty-second year, of Lady Edith Noel, "Sister Catherine," youngest daughter of the late Earl of Gainsborough, who joined in 1878 the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and had been specially instrumental in procuring the erection of the new Roman Catholic Orphanage at Mill Hill; in her seventy-seventh year, of Dowager Lady Eleanor H. Graves-Sawle; of Mrs. Lee, wife of Dr. Lee, of Lambeth, a cousin of Cardinal Newman, and compiler of "The Churchman's Birthday Remembrancer;" in his eighty-fifth year, of General Studholme Hodgson, son of a General, and grandson of Field-Marshal Hodgson, who, after serving in Ceylon, India, and the first Burmese War, was appointed to the command of the forces in Ceylon, to which was subsequently added the command of the troops in the Straits Settlements, and for some time the administration of the Civil Government of Ceylon; in his sixty-second year, of Lieutenant-General Thomas Nuttall, of the Bombay Staff Corps, who distinguished himself with the Persian Expeditionary Force of 1857, in the Indian Mutiny and Abyssinian campaigns, and in the Afghan War of 1878-80; in his sixty-ninth year, of the Rev. Alexander Joseph, Hon. Canon of Rochester Cathedral; in his sixty-seventh year, of the Rev. Dr. David Duff, Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian Hall, Edinburgh, and Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board; in his thirty-ninth year, of Professor Carnelley, Professor of Chemistry in Aberdeen University, and author of important works on that science, an *alumnus* of Owens College, Manchester, in the chemical laboratory of which he was demonstrator before occupying the Chair of Chemistry in Firth College, Sheffield, and University College, Dundee, successively; of Mr. Watson Vredenburg, formerly H.M.'s Consul and Commissioner at St. Paul de Loanda; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. William Thorley, for the last twenty-three years general manager of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company; of Mr. Edward Gattens, Secretary of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, in whose service he had passed his working life; and in his sixty-fifth year, at Baden-Baden, from heart-disease, of Dr. James Matthews Duncan, one of the most eminent of London physicians in his own department of practice. He was a native of Aberdeen, where he graduated M.D. From the high honours which he gained at Edinburgh University in the class of Midwifery, he became assistant to Sir James Simpson, who then conducted it, and he is said to have been the first person rendered insensible by chloroform on Sir James's great discovery of its uses as an anæsthetic. Not being appointed, as was generally expected, to succeed Sir James Simpson, on his death in 1870, in the Edinburgh Chair of Midwifery, Dr. Duncan accepted an invitation to become Obstetric Physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and at once took a high position as a physician in obstetric and cognate cases. Among the many honours bestowed on him was that of being nominated by the Crown a Member of the Medical Council.

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THE GRAPHIC



THE amount of freshness maintained by Dorothea Gerard is remarkable; it is as conspicuous in her story of "Recha" (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons) as it was when she shared in the authorship of "Reata." In "Recha" she pursues her studies in that survival of the Middle Ages, Jewish life in Austrian Poland; it is a sort of companion volume to "Orthodox," and we cordially trust that it will be followed by a long course of exploration in the same mine. "Recha" is based upon an alleged practice of "buying" a Gentile (of course without his own knowledge) from the Rabbi for a sum to be given to the poor of the Synagogue; in which case the purchased person is regarded as the exclusive property of the purchaser, no other orthodox Jew being allowed, under pain of excommunication, to have any profitable transactions with him without the leave of his recognised owner. How far Miss Gerard has authority for this groundwork of her plot we are certainly not aware, and we should imagine that such a practice would be neither frequent nor easy to prove. In any case, however, such a fate befell Lieutenant Theodor Borkam, of the Hussars; whom not even the passionate self-sacrifice of Recha Wolf was able to save. The story is inevitably and therefore legitimately tragic; and it is worth reading if it were only for the combination of fanaticism with calculating greed depicted in the person of Gedeile Wolf, Recha's father.

"Three Notable Stories" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett) should have been entitled "Stories by Three Notable Authors;" such other notability as they possess consisting in the singularity that at any rate two of the trio should have succeeded in writing what is so little worth reading. The three tales are "Love and Peril," by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T.; "To Be or Not to Be," by Mrs. Alexander; and "The Melancholy Hussar," by Thomas Hardy. We cannot suppose that Lord Lorne has done his best, and we are quite sure that his colleagues have done their worst; and this is all that need be said of this notable piece of book-making.

"For Value Received," by Thomas Cobb (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), tells how Lily Armytage promised to marry a man whom she detested because he persuaded her that he possessed evidence which would hang her lover for suspected murder. So far there is nothing particularly new in the situation. But when it becomes perfectly clear to everybody that the *pièce à conviction* in question, a blood-stained handkerchief, has been manufactured for the purpose by her odious fiancé, and when she still considers herself bound by her promise, the most tolerant of novel readers will assuredly lose patience with her. The bargain was that if he would send her a certain handkerchief she would marry him; he did send her the handkerchief, so she held herself his debtor for value received. We should have thought that the payment of another pocket-handkerchief would have satisfied the most scrupulous consequence; but then nobody with a grain of common sense would ever have found herself in such a position. That with so absurd a plot Mr. Cobb should have failed to make his story interesting is less his fault than his misfortune.

R. W. Lodwick seems to be inspired by nothing less than the most cruel and vindictive hatred towards "John Bolt, Indian Civil Servant," who gives his name and description to "A Tale of Old

Hilbury and India" (2 vols.: Digby and Long). He drags his unfortunate hero, for no other imaginable reason, through misfortune after misfortune, heartbreak after heartbreak, and each with-out the shadow of necessity, until it is a relief to find John Bolt comfortably dead and buried. This lugubrious biography is the connecting-link of a number of sketches of Indian sport, and of perilous adventure during the Mutiny of a more sentimental and purely romantic character than seems quite appropriate to such a theme.

Hume Nisbet, the author of "Ashes: a Tale of Two Spheres" (1 vol.: Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company), has made a remarkable discovery. The ancient Phœnician deities, Baal-Moloch the destroyer, and Melkarth "King of the City," are alive and flourishing among us, the former that of Art-Editor to a firm of picture-dealer, and the latter having assumed the personality of a publisher. This idea is foreshadowed in the preface, and worked out in the novel, where "Mr. Moloch" and "Mr. Melkarth" (the slight change of spelling in whose case seems unnecessary) play their respective rôles in the most fiendish manner, to the detriment of one Dirk Davelock, a young artist with an invalid wife, and too many young children. The object of Mr. Moloch is to cheat him of his work, and his brains; that of Mr. Melkarth to get his pictures for nothing, and then to drive him to suicide, and then to make a market for the works of a great and unfortunate genius. They would have succeeded but for one of those convenient uncles who die in the nick of time, and leave immense fortunes to nephews who scarcely knew of their existence. Dirk Davelock invests 50,000*l.* in the publishing house in order to kick out the Art-Editor, who, as "Moloch-fallen," has to become an artist of the pavement; a position from which he is finally rescued by the compassion of his triumphant victim. To the exaggeration of the character, of human meannesses generally, all of the brutalities of the suburban village of Pearstone, no pen can do justice—it has the effect and appearance of impotent rage. The best portion of the volume is the account of Davelock's adventurous journey through the interior of Australia, which is given with spirit and with the *vraisemblance* in which the volume as a whole is so singularly lacking.

"Innocent Victims: a Study of London Life and Labour," by Hugh Downe (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is the chronicle of the good resolutions and relapses of a solicitor who has taken to drink, and drags his wife and child down with him to very nearly the extremes of misery and degradation. Perpetual reiteration of the same crisis becomes wearisome, and the baldness and crudeness of the style bring out into more pronounced relief the faults of construction. It is understood that George Elsworth, having caused the death of his wife and meditated suicide, becomes a reformed character, and makes good use of his reinstatement as junior partner in the firm of which he had once been principal. But we should have preferred the poetical justice of sparing the wife and punishing the husband.

"Hidden in the Light," by Eugène Stacey (1 vol.: Digby and Long), is an attempt to write an English novel on distinctly French lines; which is much as to say, so far as success goes, to achieve the impossible. The general scheme of the plot is that a wonderful young man, gifted with transcendent beauty, wealth, and genius, sets himself, on account of the loss of a mercenary mistress, to ruin every woman who will give him the opportunity. They all swarm round him, to be entered in his diary to their destruction, save one who marries the man who robbed him of his mistress. But her escape is only temporary—she elopes with the all-conquering Don Juan to the Himalayas, where the two live together thenceforth in

great happiness, poetry, and piety. The description of Henry Beresford, the Don Juan in question, as a poet, is fine—"The passion of Byron, the sweetness of Moore, the mysticism of Shelley, the depth of Browning, the voluptuousness of Swinburne, together with an indescribable fascination of his own, all combined to render him (his pseudonym) unrivalled among modern poets." We should think so.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. JOHN SIBREE has issued once again his "Poems" (Kegan Paul). Besides two additions to the original work he gives us "Rosalie: A Tale of the Wye," in five cantos. We have already on two previous occasions pointed out that the author's lyrics and idylls are of much merit. "Rosalie" is perhaps a more ambitious effort. Certainly, it is longer as a composition. The scene of the story is the neighbourhood of Chepstow and Tintern, in the fifteenth century, when the Berkeleys were great lords in all that region. Here the author places the lovers, Hugh and Rosalie. His measure is a vivacious and lively one, and he has not been altogether unsuccessful in his effort to invest the Wye with the added charm of romantic verse. So many beautiful or picturesque spots at home and abroad tend to be made commonplace by the wholesale invasion of very prosaic mortals; that there is cause for gratitude to any one who insists on reminding us of their suggestion of a past quite different from the life of to-day.

There is abundant proof of poetic gift and spiritual insight to be found in Mr. Joseph John Murphy's "Sonnets and Other Poems, Chiefly Religious" (Kegan Paul). The sonnets have good rhythmic roll and flow about them. Those headed "Commerce" and "Completion" show that the poet has not vainly studied in the school of Milton, while he has not been unsuccessful with the "Poems in the Stanza of 'In Memoriam.'" If he is not always strikingly original, he rarely fails to be just in perception of the significance of things. Thus, in "Westminster Abbey," its lesson of belief in the past and faith in the future was impressed upon him. So he writes:—

The father left the walls begun
His child, obeying his desire,
Still at the sacred work went on:
His grandson crowned the spire.
They toiled like faithful men and true,
Whose works on earth deserved to last;
Men of a reverent heart, that knew
How deeply in the past
The living present has its root,
And in the future age must bear
Such wholesome or such deadly fruit
As best rewards our care.

"Vox" publishes, through the Journal Printing Office, New Street, Birmingham, "A Christian Historical Poem: Queen Victoria." The author is evidently a loyal and enthusiastic subject. He is possessed of thorough simplicity of soul, which does him credit, or he would scarcely have put himself to the expense of printing this work. He prefaces his poem with a quotation from Thomas à Kempis: "If it be lawful and expedient to speak, speak those things which may edify;" and then opens as follows:—

When tidings came, "Victoria is Queen!"
Her artless soul through weeping eyes was seen;
And, with Archbishop, the young, gentle heir
Stamped the future with present prayer.

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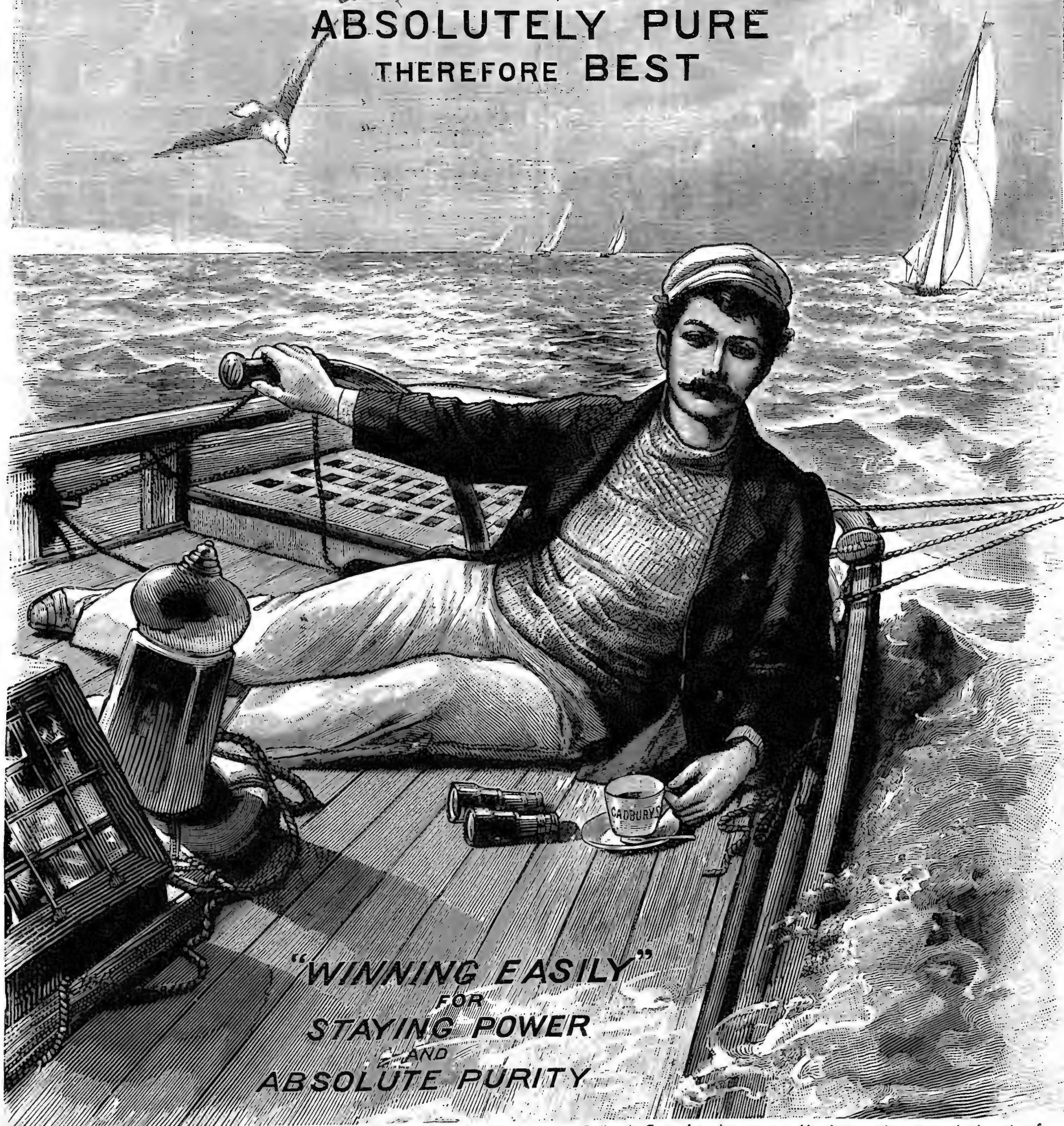
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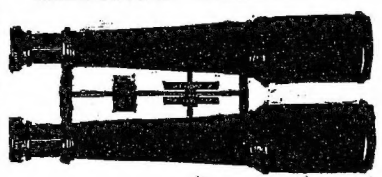
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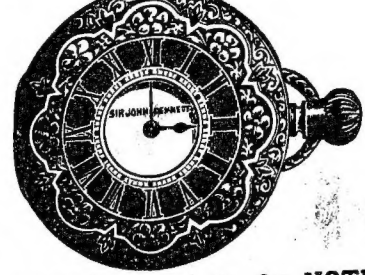
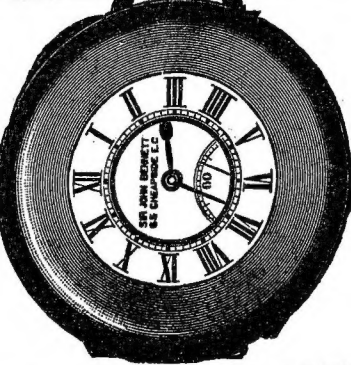
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ON SOAP, IN RELATION TO THE COMPLEXION.

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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.,

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust;"
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially coloured and odoriferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps' which are the frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use 'Pears' Soap.' Not merely from personal use can I recommend this soap, but I am well content to shelter myself under the names and authority of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; of Doctor Stevenson Macadam, or of Professors Redwood and Atfield, the eminent analytical and chemical lecturers at the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, who testify to its entire purity. Furthermore, I believe it to be very economical, for it contains no free water, and in this respect differs from all other soaps; hence a cake of 'Pears' is really all soap and not soap and water. I know cases of irritable skin which the whole tribe of much-vaunted 'Fancy Soaps' failed to allay, but which disappeared under the use of Pears' Soap, and for the nursery and for the delicate skin of infancy no better or more soothing soap can possibly be used. There can be no doubt that in respect of the care of children, attention to the skin is specially required. If common soaps are irritating to the skin of the adult, (as they unquestionably are), they are doubly and trebly injurious to the delicate skin of the infant and young child. I can vouch that the soap I am recommending is not merely a safe but an advantageous one. It does not irritate the skin; but, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, also acts as an emollient."



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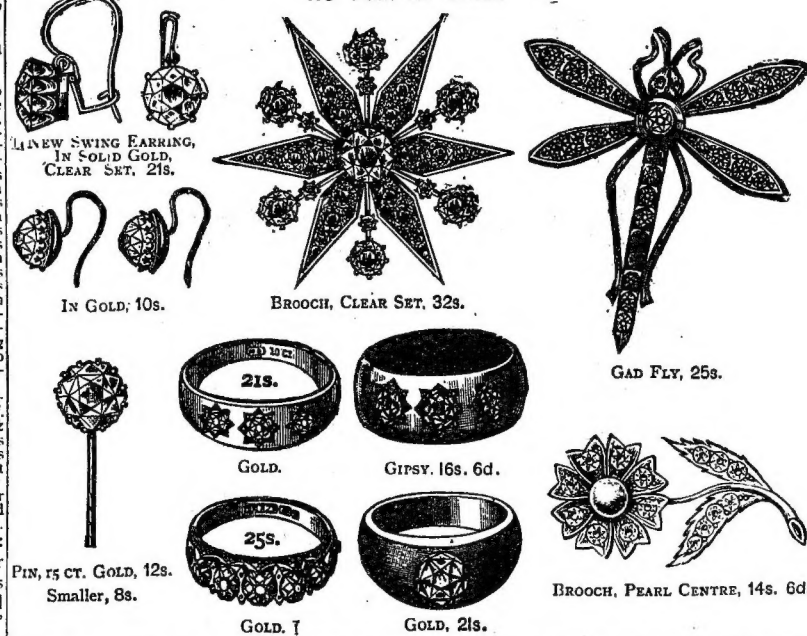
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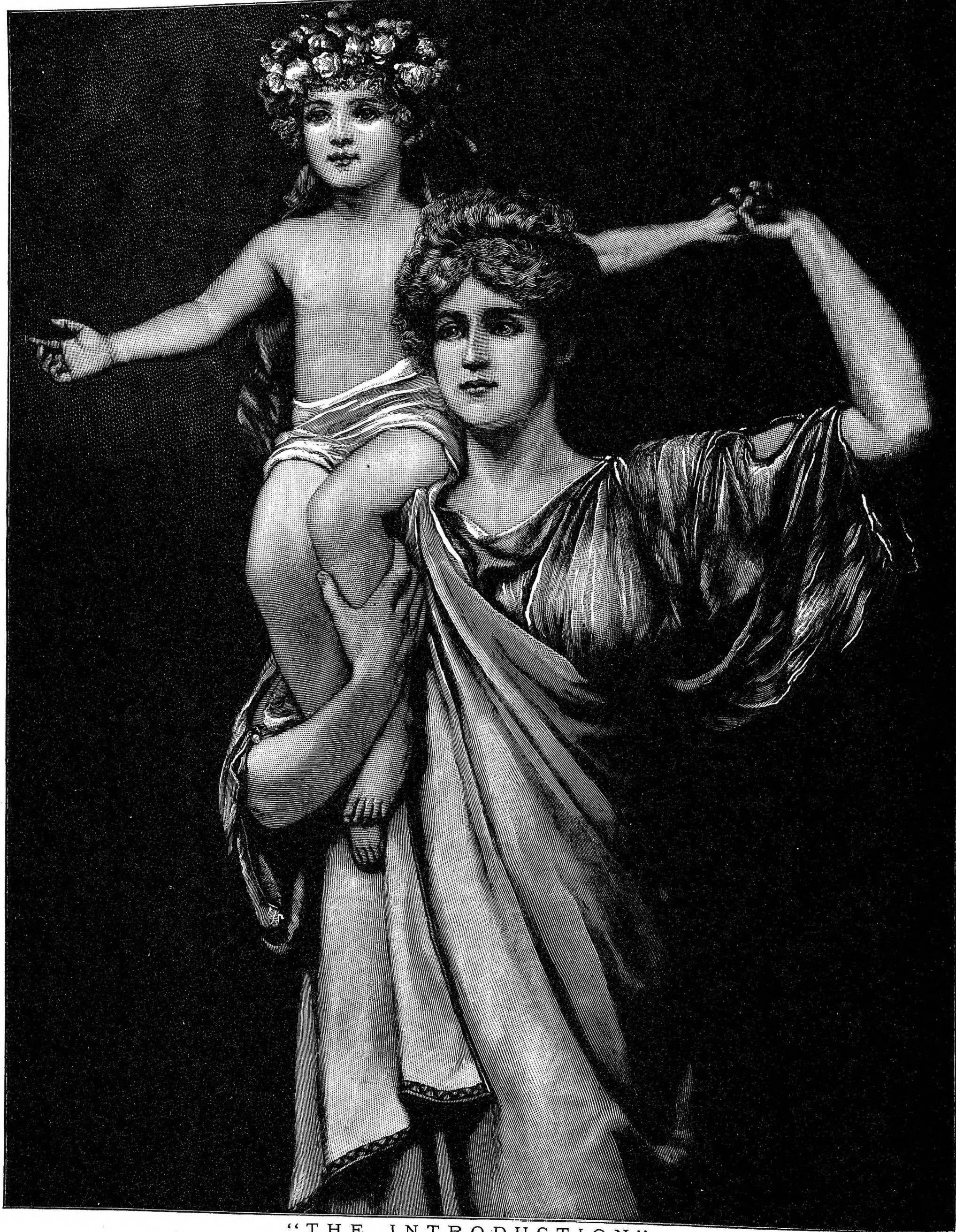
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